

The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

NUMBER 648 | FOURTEENTH YEAR
VOL. XXII

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

THE CRITIC CO. { \$3 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE
SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS

NEW YORK, JULY 21, 1894.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY

FOR AUGUST.

The Chaos in Moral Training.

By Prof. JOHN DEWEY.

Points out the confusing character of much of the training as to right and wrong given by parents to their children. The facts are drawn from the recollections of a class of students in ethics.

A Proposition for an Artificial Isthmus.

By ERNEST A. LE SUEUR.

A scheme for an immense dam between Scotland and Ireland which shall enable the tidal power in the North Channel to be utilized. This power would be transmitted electrically to the British industrial centers.

Rain-Making.

By Prof. FERNANDO SANFORD.

Gives the natural laws upon which the fall of rain depends, and shows up the imposture in the claims of certain well-known "rain-makers."

The Story of a Great Work.

(Illustrated.) By J. JONES BELL.

An account of the construction of the tunnel under the St. Clair River.

OTHER ARTICLES:

MILK FOR BABES (illustrated); NATURE AS DRAMA AND ENGINEERING; THE NOCTURNAL MIGRATION OF BIRDS; MODERN VIEWS AND PROBLEMS OF PHYSICS; FORM AND LIFE; ACCURACY IN OBSERVATION; THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF COLORS; SKETCH OF WILLIAM MATTHEU WILLIAMS (with Portrait).

CORRESPONDENCE; EDITOR'S TABLE; LITERARY NOTICES; POPULAR MISCELLANY; NOTES.

50 cents a number; \$5.00 a year.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK.

D. Appleton & Co.'s New Books

Memoirs Illustrating the History of Napoleon I.

From 1802 to 1815. By BARON CLAUDE-FRANÇOIS DE MENEVAL, Private Secretary to Napoleon. Edited by his Grandson, BARON NAPOLEON JOSEPH DE MENEVAL. With Portraits and Autograph Letters. In three volumes. 8vo. Cloth, \$2.00 per volume. Vols. I and II now ready.

"These memoirs, by the private secretary of Napoleon, are a valuable and important contribution to the history of the Napoleonic period, and necessarily they throw new and interesting light on the personality and real sentiments of the Emperor. If Napoleon anywhere took off the mask, it was in the seclusion of his private cabinet. The memoirs have been republished almost as they were written, by Baron de Ménéval's grandson, with the addition of some supplementary documents."—*London Times*.

"The Baron de Ménéval knew Napoleon as few knew him. He was his confidential secretary and intimate friend. . . . Students and historians who wish to form a trustworthy estimate of Napoleon can not afford to neglect this testimony by one of his most intimate associates."—*London Daily News*.

"The work will take rank with the most important of memoirs relating to the period. Its great value arises largely from its author's transparent veracity. Ménéval was one of those men who could not consciously tell anything but the truth. He was constitutionally unfitted for lying.

The book is extremely interesting, and it is as important as it is interesting."—*N. Y. Times*.

Climbing in the Himalayas.

By WILLIAM MARTIN CONWAY, M.A., F.R.G.S., Vice-President of the Alpine Club; formerly Professor of Art in University College, Liverpool. With 300 Illustrations, by A. D. McCORMICK, and a map. 8vo. Cloth, \$10.00.

"It would be hard to say too much in praise of this superb work. As a record of mountaineering it is almost, if not quite, unique. Among records of Himalayan exploration it certainly stands alone. . . . The farther Himalayas have never been so faithfully—in other words, so poetically—presented as in the masterly delicate sketches with which Mr. McCormick has adorned this book."—*London Daily News*.

The Purple Light of Love.

By HENRY GOELET MCVICKAR, author of "A Precious Trio," etc. 12mo. Cloth, 75 cents.

A story of New York and Newport social life, most adroitly and cleverly told.

For sale by all booksellers; or will be sent by mail on receipt of price by the publishers,

D. APPLETON & CO., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Claims of Christianity.

By WILLIAM SAMUEL LILLY, Honorary Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge; author of "The Great Enigma," etc. 8vo. Cloth, \$3.50.

The author takes what might be termed the publicist's point of view, and deals with Christianity as a fact in the world's history. He discusses the claims of Buddhism and Islam, and after a masterly analysis of the development of Christianity and the Church, he maintains the necessity of organized spiritual power to vindicate the rights of conscience, especially in our age, when the tendency is to strengthen the state against the individual. Mr. Lilly's historical analysis and incisive discussion of the vital questions of the day form a most timely and suggestive volume.

Appletons' Guide-Books.

(REVISED ANNUALLY.)

Appletons' General Guide to the United States. With numerous maps and illustrations. 12mo. Flexible morocco, with tuck, \$2.50. (Part I, separately, NEW ENGLAND AND MIDDLE STATES AND CANADA; cloth, \$1.25. Part II, SOUTHERN AND WESTERN STATES; cloth, \$1.25.)

Appletons' Canadian Guide-Book. By Prof. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. With Maps and Illustrations. 12mo, flexible cloth, \$1.25.

Appletons' Guide-Book to Alaska. By Miss E. R. SCIDMORE. With Maps and Illustrations. 12mo, flexible cloth, \$1.25.

Appletons' Hand-Book of American Summer Resorts. With Maps, Illustrations, Table of Railroad Fares, etc. 12mo, paper, 50 cents.

Appletons' Dictionary of New York. 16mo, paper, 30 cents; cloth, 60 cents.

RECENT ISSUES IN

Appletons' Town and Country Library.

Each, 12mo. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

Dr. Janet of Harley Street. By ARABELLA KENRALV, author of "Molly and her Man-o'-War," etc.

Outlaw and Lawmaker. By Mrs. CAMPBELL-FRAED, author of "Christine Chard," "December Roses," etc.

A Daughter of Missie. By G. COLMORE, author of "Concerning Oliver Knox," etc.

The Trespasser. By GILBERT PARKER, author of "The Translation of a Savage," etc.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

"A Remarkable Book."

THIRD AND CHEAPER EDITION, WITH NEW PREFACE.

SOCIAL EVOLUTION.

By BENJAMIN KIDD. 8vo, cloth. Price, \$1.75.

"There is scarcely a page in Mr. Kidd's book which is not full of suggestion regarding the social problem of our time, and it is not a little comforting in the battle and turmoil, the running hither and thither of the age when we scarce possess our souls before we die 'to find a writer who calmly applies the most recent doctrines of science to modern society and life, and who is yet able to say that the future is hopeful and prospect fair.'"—*Observer, London*.

"A book notable alike for originality and breadth, philosophical reasoning and literary attractiveness."—*Chautauquan*.

"The volume . . . owes much of its success to its noble tone, its clear and delightful style and to the very great pleasure the reader experiences as he is conducted through the strong, disguised, and courteous discussion. From a scientific point of view it is the most important contribution recently made to biological sociology."—*Independent*.

Just Published.

A HISTORY OF GERMANY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

By ERNEST F. HENDERSON, A. M. (Harvard), Ph.D. (Berlin), Editor of "Select Historical Documents of the Middle Ages" (Bohn). 8vo, cloth. Price, \$2.60 net.

PRIMITIVE CIVILIZATIONS;

Or, Outlines of the History of Ownership in Archaic Communities. By E. J. SIMCOX, author of "Natural Laws," etc. 2 vols, 8vo, \$10.00.

ASPECTS OF MODERN STUDY.

Being University Extension Addresses by Lord PLAYFAIR, Canon BROWNE, Mr. GOSCHEN, Mr. JOHN MORLEY, Sir JAMES PAGET, Professor MAX MUELLER, the Duke of ARGYLL, the Bishop of DURHAM, and Professor JEBB. 12mo, cloth. Price, \$1.00.

LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE ENGLISH LAKES.

By H. D. RAWNSLEY, Hon. Canon of Carlisle. 2 vols., 12mo \$4.00.

JUST PUBLISHED. BY JOHN RUSKIN.

LETTERS TO A COLLEGE FRIEND, DURING THE YEARS 1840-1845.

Including an Essay on "Death before Adam Fell." By JOHN RUSKIN, D.C.L., LL.D. 12mo, cloth, gilt top. Price, \$1.50.

ALREADY PUBLISHED.

VERONA, AND OTHER LECTURES.

Delivered principally at the Royal and London Institutions between 1870 and 1883. By JOHN RUSKIN, D.C.L., LL.D. Illustrated with Frontispiece in color and 11 Photogravure Plates from Drawings by the Author. 8vo, cloth. Price, \$2.50, net.

New Ready. Vol. III. THE HOUSE OF FAME. THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN. THEATINE ON THE ANTHOLABE.

THE OXFORD CHAUCER.

Complete works of GEOFFREY CHAUCER. Edited, from Numerous Manuscripts, by the Rev. WALTER W. SKEAT, Litt. D., LL.D., M.A., Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. In six volumes, with Portrait and Facsimiles. 8vo, buckram, \$4.00 each, net.

Already Published.

Vol. I. ROMANCE OF THE ROSE. Minor Poems.

Vol. II. BORTHUIS. THOILUS AND CRINEYDE.

The remaining volumes will be published at short intervals during the present year. The complete set of six volumes is offered to subscribers at \$27.50 net, payable strictly in advance. Payment in full must accompany each subscription. Subscriptions may be sent in through booksellers if the above conditions are strictly complied with.

Just Published.

CHILDREN'S SINGING GAMES.

With the Tunes to which they are Sung. Collected and Edited by ALICE B. GOMME. Pictured in black and white by WINIFRED SMITH. Oblong 8vo, ornamental. Price, \$1.50.

*Also, two Editions de Luxe, limited; one printed on Kelmescott paper, bound in linen, \$9.00 net. The other, printed on Japanese vellum, bound in vellum, \$11.00 net.

Children's Singing Games appeal to every child who loves dance and song and play, and to every elder who is glad to revive the pleasantest memories of childhood. Mrs. Gomme has carefully picked out of the innumerable variants the best and brightest versions of both words and music.

Volume I. New Translation.

THE NOVELS OF IVAN TURGENEV.

Translated from the Russian by CONSTANCE GARNETT. In seven volumes. 16mo, cloth extra, gilt top. Price, \$1.25 each.

New Ready, Vol. I, RUDIN. Further volumes in preparation.

"Mrs. Garnett's version of 'Rudin' reads indeed with all the charm and ease of an original work, and all true lovers of good literature will feel grateful to her for having so ably accomplished a difficult task."—*Publishers' Circular*.

Just Published.

STUDIES IN FORESTRY.

Being a Short Course of Lectures on the Principles of Sylviculture, delivered at the Botanic Garden, Oxford, by JOHN NISBET, D. Oec. of the Indian Forest Service, author of "British Forest Trees." 12mo, cloth. Price, \$2.00 net.

New Ready. Second Edition.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF NATURE.

A Chronicle of New England Birds and Flowers. By MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT. 18mo, cloth, gilt top, 75 cents.

*Also a Large-paper Edition, limited to 250 copies, with twelve full-page plates. Crown 8vo. \$3.00, net.

"There is something of tranquil refreshment about this little book, like a stroll in some quiet, old-fashioned garden, where sweet-scented flowers blow, and there is space, and wide-branched trees, where gold-green sunshine strikes through on tangled grass. . . . Seldom has any one written of birds so airily—their frailness, their liquid notes, their whirling flights, all are here."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

Just Published.

HINTS ON DRIVING.

By Captain C. MORLEY KNIGHT, R. A. Illustrated by G. H. A. WHITE, Royal Artillery. 12mo, cloth. Price, \$1.25 net.

A New Novel.

THE WINGS OF ICARUS.

Being the Life of one Emilia Fletcher, as revealed by Herself in

I. Thirty-five Letters written to Constance Norris, between July 18th, 188—, and March 26th of the following year.

II. A Fragmentary Journal.

III. A Postscript.

By LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA. 18mo, cloth, gilt top. Price, \$1.25.

"It is a study of the inner workings of the human heart, and if the motives of a soul were ever laid bare, it has been done in 'The Wings of Icarus.' . . . A good story, told in an intensely natural and interesting manner."—*Providence News*.

JULY NUMBER NOW READY.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A Monthly Journal devoted to New and Current Publications. Price, 5 cents per number. Yearly subscription, 50 cents.

*The leading article this month is the second of the series of papers by Mr. F. MARION CRAWFORD, entitled "Modern Views of Mysticism."

MACMILLAN & CO., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

Published every Week, at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1894

Literature

Mr. Swinburne's New Volume

Astrophel, and Other Poems. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

MR. SWINBURNE is the Narcissus of poets. Never, surely, was a writer so enamored of his own art, so persistent in self-repetition. It is not merely that his verse bears the stamp of his own personality, or that he shows a preference for certain rhythms, certain terms of expression. It seems as though he deliberately cultivated his mannerisms, in the belief that his faults are better than other men's merits.

Often, when an idea is capable of clear and forcible expression in ordinary literary language, Mr. Swinburne goes out of his way to translate his thought into his own peculiar idiom. If the Swinburnian style is unsuited to the thought, so much the worse for the thought. Profoundly as we admire Mr. Swinburne's dramatic poems, fine and strong as we deem not a few of his earlier lyrics, we are bound to admit that his recent work has fallen off greatly. Certain tendencies that were visible from the first have grown like ill weeds. The rhythm and melody of his verse, indeed, are as perfect as ever. In these he remains unsurpassed among English poets. But the obscurity, the redundancy, the exaggeration and distortion which always marred his work to some extent, have become well-nigh intolerable. Many of the poems in this volume are so allusive and metaphorical, so little objective in treatment, as to resemble a series of rhetorical puzzles. And in too many cases these puzzles do not repay one for solving them. Some simple truth, some familiar phenomenon, has been "tricked in disguises" that serve only to disfigure it. A style so artificial is incompatible with the highest poetic excellence. Everywhere, too, the expression is injured by an excess, a want of restraint, for which the writer cannot plead the excuse of immaturity. As for his vocabulary, a "Swinburne Lexicon" would exhibit his extraordinary fondness for certain words and phrases, that recur with damnable iteration. A few of the commoner natural phenomena furnish his whole rhetorical stock-in-trade. The sun, the moon, the stars and the waves dance in and out at his summons like marionettes. The effect on the student is most fatiguing; and we are free to confess that an almost incurable drowsiness has attended every effort of ours to read certain of the poems here collected.

Mr. Swinburne's well-known preferences and sentiments reassert themselves in this new volume. "A Nympholept" has for its theme a superstition of classical times; "A Swimmer's Dream" and "On the South Coast"—the former notable for some lovely lines—describe the seas and shores of Britain; "The Monument of Giordano Bruno" is a fierce attack on Catholicism; "England" and "The Union" are politico-patriotic odes in Mr. Swinburne's own perfervid vein. "To a Cat" would be altogether charming, were it not so overwrought; and "A Moss-Rose" is so pleasing and characteristic that we cannot refrain from quoting it:—

"If the rose of all flowers be the rarest
That heaven may adore from above,
And the fervent moss-rose be the fairest
That sweetens the summer with love,

Can it be that a fairer than any
Should blossom afar from the tree?
Yet one, and a symbol of many,
Shone sudden for eyes that could see:

In the grime and the gloom of November

The bliss and the bloom of July

Bade autumn rejoice and remember

The balm of the blossoms gone by.

Would you know what moss-rose now it may be

That puts all the rest to the blush?

The flower was the face of a baby,

The moss was a bonnet of plush."

The elegiac poems commemorate Philip Marston, Robert Browning, Théodore De Banville, Sir Richard Burton and Aurelio Saffi. The republication here of the "Memorial Verses on the Death of William Bell Scott" argues a defective sense of humor in Mr. Swinburne. We have not forgotten his lively and unflattering characterisation of Mr. Scott, apropos of the posthumous "Autobiographical Notes of the Life of William Bell Scott," which appeared last year. How can a writer who is capable of such inconsistencies expect to be taken seriously? Not humor alone, but spirituality is lacking in Mr. Swinburne. His writings have no tonic quality, and those who seek strengthening and refreshment therein will be sent empty away. In the present volume the poem entitled "Loch Torridon" is, perhaps, the finest composition. Swinburne's beloved sea has breathed something of its own freshness and vigor into these eloquent verses, which are comparatively unspoiled by mannerisms.

"Pembroke"

By Mary E. Wilkins. Harper & Bros.

MISS WILKINS has achieved a distinct success—one that carries her farther in her literary career than anything she has heretofore accomplished. While the book, as a novel, in no way approaches the harmonious splendor and fulness of Nathaniel Hawthorne's art, it gives us in its own kind the same wonderful pictures of New England life—pictures that are at once a revelation of the depth and steadfastness of human nature and the capacity for dogged, passionless suffering born and bred in the Puritan temperament. It is a suffering that strikes one dumb with the chill of death, that freezes and kills expression instead of softening and opening one's nature to beauty and tenderness—it is the suffering of repression and insanity—the useless suffering that seems wicked to the same mind, because it is imposed by earth, and not by Heaven. Wonderful in concentrated intensity, tremendous in power, this record of the heart tragedies of a dozen men and women of the village of Pembroke is not surpassed in our literature for its beauty of style, the delicacy of its character-delineation and the enthralling interest of its narration. That a man like Barney Thayer should refuse, when his house was nearly built, to marry the girl of his choice, because he and her father had a dispute in which the latter ordered him to leave his house, and that, in spite of the most tender loyalty on his betrothed's part and a consuming love on his own, he should persist in this course for ten years, is inconceivable to anyone unfamiliar with the terrible power of will developed in that bitter Calvinistic atmosphere. It shows a hardness of heart and purpose that throws a spell over the reader, as it unmistakably has done over the writer—a spell to shake off whose benumbing influence one rushes out into the sunny summer air, or reaches out to touch some beloved familiar object.

The story of Barnabas and Charlotte is duplicated in another situation, where, after twenty years of courtship, it is only the sight of the faded and broken woman being taken to the poor-house that stirred the man's heart to any sense

of obligation and protection. In fact, to review the characters of the book—mothers and daughters, fathers and sons,—is to summon before one a community where each tender nature seems to be yoked with one whose flint-like hardness can most cruelly wound it, and where each harsh and domineering one is in a position peculiarly adapted to wreck the lives of every one about it, and yet, where, in spite of it all, a rugged self-respect keeps the one from being crushed and the other from a wanton abuse of power. And through it all there is a stern rectitude and integrity that make one wish never to see unvarnished truth again. In "The Mill on the Floss" and "Adam Bede" George Eliot has given us pictures of communities of narrow, straight-laced folk; in "The House of the Seven Gables" and "The Scarlet Letter" Hawthorne has illuminated the Puritan character: but in each instance these authors have touched the wells of sympathy in their readers—and one feels, at least, that their people, though erring, are human. But there is something uncanny about the hardness of the characters in "Pembroke." And when Barnabas Thayer, because he sees Charlotte likely to be made a subject of disgrace and church discipline for having nursed him through a dangerous illness, conquers his old resentment enough to go to her father's house to reclaim her as his bride, we wonder whether, after all, miracles of the spirit can be performed any more than those of the body, and whether Charlotte, in marrying Barnabas, has not united herself to a nature as irretrievably warped and diseased in spirit as his body is bent and broken by work and rheumatism.

"The Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer"

Edited, from Numerous Manuscripts, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat (6 vols.) Vols. I.-II. Macmillan & Co.

NEARLY FIVE HUNDRED YEARS ago died the poet of whom his French contemporary Eustace Deschamps wrote:

"Qui as
Semé les fleurs et planté le rosier,"

Grant translateur, noble Geffroy Chaucier."

What a delightful good fortune to come down to posterity as the "sower of flowers" and "planter of rose-trees"! How many poets since have followed Hoccleve in his

"O maister dere and fader reverent,
My maister Chaucer, floure of eloquence,
Mirour of fructuous entement,
O universal fader in science!"

The death of this great man on the verge of the fifteenth century cast a sunset glow over the entire period till the rival sun of Shakespeare 150 years later partly quenched its unique splendor. Ever since, however, the fame of Chaucer has been growing in spite of the emergence of new luminaries, until in the dying decade of the nineteenth century the most solid and brilliant testimony to his immortality is given in the truly noble edition of his complete works before us.

Chaucer was strikingly characterized by Eustace Deschamps as the "grant translateur," though this characterization was far from exhausting the fullness of his nature. Of all definable things the poet is the most indefinable: his very definition is surrounded by a solar haze. Deschamps caught this facet of a great jewel and thought that it reflected the whole radiance. Lydgate wrote of him as the "cheef poete of Bretayne," authors of "fresh comedies" and "ful pitous tragedies." Lowell has raised a lovely monument to Chaucer in "My Study Windows"—a rainbow window, like that in Westminster Abbey. Others see in him simply a great well of lucid English undefiled. Prof. Skeat, with the impartiality of the true scholar, puts the whole man before us in all his multiplicity and many-sidedness—translator, poet, scientist, diplomat, publicist,

"Among our English that caused first to rayne
The golden droppes of Rethorike so fyne,
Our rude language onely t'enlumine."

The Critic has already reviewed some of the sections of which this monumental work is composed. Since these notices appeared, however, the indefatigable editor, who recalls the pre-Christian Alexandrian enthusiasm for the text of Homer, has been turning every practicable stone for new information, new readings, new suggestions, and has made many new discoveries now given for the first time in combined form to the public. The new edition comprises the whole prose and verse work of Chaucer, his "ganze Arbeit," as the Germans say, together with a commentary upon every passage which presents a difficulty or requires illustration. Metre, grammar, phonology and spelling have been scientifically studied, the latter being a close reproduction of the phonetic system of the scribe who wrote out the invaluable Ellesmere MS. of the *Canterbury Tales*. Chaucer can now no longer be used as a comic almanac for Josh Billingsisms in bad spelling. The texts of the Chaucer Society form the foundation of the new edition, which includes suggestions gathered from the earliest accessible printed editions. It is in six volumes of between 500 and 600 pages each, and begins with a General Introduction, Life of Chaucer (bristling with dates, references, allusions, etc.), and Special Introductions. Here we notice several misprints; for example (p. XXIII.), the will of Chaucer's patron, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, is said to be dated Oct. 3, "1868"; the name of Chaucer's grandmother Heyroun is spelt various ways (pp. XIV. and XLI), etc. Errors of this sort are perhaps unavoidable in a work of so much detail and are easily corrected in the plates.

Vol. I. opens with that "much-vest Bermoothes," the *Romaunt of the Rose* question, which has lately given rise to an unfortunate controversy between Prof. Skeat and Prof. Lounsbury. While Prof. Skeat is in our opinion undoubtedly right in this controversy, ascribing to Chaucer (with Kaluza) only the first 1705 lines of a translation 7698 lines in length, his arrogant tone towards the American professor is unwarranted by the laws of courtesy or by any false ascriptions Prof. Lounsbury may have made. The latter's "Chaucer's Studies" is on the whole the best total discussion of the Chaucer question in all its bearings, literary, legendary, stylistic and historical, that we possess, and the charm of its chapters is very great. Technically, of course, the palm of original research and pure scholarship must be awarded the Cambridge professor; the material for Chaucer study lies almost wholly in England; but Chaucer belongs to the whole world, and no one scholar, whether he call himself Kaluza or Lindner, ten Brink, or Koch, or Skeat, has any right to claim him as his sole possession. It is from the consensus of opinion of such intelligent experts that we must reconstruct the Chaucer question and build up an edition of the poet's authentic works. Prof. Skeat's reprint of the "*Romaunt of the Rose*" is accompanied by the French text and notes and is admirable in every way. Besides this, Vol. I. contains twenty-three minor poems with notes and commentary.

Vol. II. deals with Chaucer's translation of Boethius who, as the Englishman said, "temprede hise blaundisshinge songes by resowninge strenges," and with the "*Troilus and Criseyde*." Abundant footnotes, variant readings and explanatory comment put within the scholar's reach all the critical apparatus that he needs to understand these works. The remaining quartet of volumes will contain the "*Canterbury Tales*," a complete commentary thereon, "*The House of Fame*," "*The Legend of Good Women*," "*The Treatise on the Astrolabe*," and a Glossarial Index and an Index of Proper Names. A Concordance should complete the work.

COUNT TOLSTOI will renew his attack on patriotism, as incompatible with Christianity, in his forthcoming work, which is based on the recent Franco-Russian fêtes in Paris and Toulon. He seems to see in these festivities, notwithstanding their unmistakable warning to Germany, a sign of how "the people, in spite of frontiers and of diversity of manners and intelligence and language, draw towards each other, moved by an instinctive love."

Historical Satire

Caligula. Eine Studie über römischen Cäsarenwahnsinn, von L. Quidde. Leipzig: Wilhelm Friedrich.

THE OPENING paragraphs of this pamphlet of 20 pages fully explain its instantaneous and enormous success in Germany, and class its author with Erasmus, Ulrich von Hutten, Dryden and Gay as a master of the delicate, elusive art of polished satire, well-bred but cutting as steel. Every sentence, ay, every word in this study, contributes to the clear, detailed picture of the young Caligula, of whom so much was expected, and who began by driving from power his predecessor's trusted and beloved counsellor Macro. It is not merely the play of a brilliant mind; it gives warning, and points out whereon that warning is based: truly, those old Romans, who greeted their young Caesar with acclaim and hopes of golden days, might have diagnosed for themselves the unmistakable symptoms of the imperial madness that grew in intensity with the years and the unbridled license they brought. The early acts of Caligula's reign, which raised such high expectations, says the writer, were due, not to his desire to do good, but to the wish to be talked about and to secure a place in the annals of history. Macro's dismissal is to be ascribed to this cause. "But it seems," continues the learned German (Philo, "Legatio ad Gaium," 7), "that the relations between the two were never broken off completely; for the time came when Macro was in a position to counsel the young Emperor."

Imperial madness, the author demonstrates from Tacitus, Dio Cassius, Philo and other Roman historians, differs in its beginnings in nothing from the megalomania of other people; but the exalted position of the sufferer, the courtiers who surround him, and the very real power he wields, combine to develop the sickness to a degree it never reaches in people in humbler spheres. A hardly ever absent phase of this imperial madness, he observes further, is a vehement desire for military glory. In Caligula's case this desire could only be satisfied with field manoeuvres and theatrical display, for the times were not propitious for the making of war: there was peace on the frontiers and no thoughts were entertained of the further aggrandizement of the Empire. So Caligula played at War Lord with effects that were oftentimes nothing short of ridiculous. His restlessness, his desire to do everything himself, and to do it at once, his disdain for experience and honorable service, all those characteristics that pointed the way to the appointment of a horse as consul, and finally to the unspeakable horrors of a madman's unbridled cruelty, are analyzed by the writer, who concludes that Caligula inherited the germs of his madness, but that they were developed by a generation that gave him unquestioning obedience and flattered him for the extravaganzas and misdeeds whose culmination it could not foresee. As a historical study the pamphlet is full of interest; but, let it be repeated again, its value and literary beauty lie in the masterly way in which an episode of Rome's decadence has been demonstrated to fit and apply to what is and might be in our own democratic days—in the author's own country, for instance.

Tales of Country Life

The Robb's Island Wreck, and Other Stories. By Lynn R. Meekins. Stone & Kimball.

NO MORE entertaining companion out where the grass is green and the breezes blow can be desired than this bundle of simple tales of the wiles and the tricks of our country brethren. The first of these eight stories—the last four are consecutive, and form practically a novelette in four episodes—deals with our life-saving service, and is a fine tribute to the noble, daring men that risk their lives whenever duty calls, and who are rewarded therefor—"thanks to the munificence of the richest government on the earth"—at the rate of \$40 per month. "Two Booms" demonstrates, alas! how a Western ex grocer and real-estate speculator is gently but effectively outwitted by a young man from the East, who parts his hair in the

middle and keeps his trousers carefully creased. The true interest of the bundle lies, however, in the four stories respectively called "The Nomination," "The Opening Gun," "The Election" and "The New Deal," which chronicle minutely and with great "inside" knowledge the bit of engineering by which Mr. David Gad, the country storekeeper, won the nomination for sheriff; likewise the tricks and hard work of his campaign; his brilliant success at the polls, and the fine Italian hand wherewith he made ineffectual the enemy's "sinews of war"; and the constant manoeuvring whereby he made himself independent of the "court-house crowd" that had brought about his first nomination, and showed that he, in turn, had become the "boss." The reader leaves him reluctantly with the coveted nomination for Clerk of the Court within his grasp. Gad will go far in politics; he is honest, far-seeing and a born wire-puller, and, unless death cut short his career, we are sure, and sincerely hope, to hear of him again through Mr. Meekins; and likewise of his amiable spouse, whose kindness to the farmers' wives visiting the county seat aided so much in giving the convention to her husband. The bundle fulfills all the requirements of a vacation-book: it is light, humorous and clever, well-written, and not without mental pabulum of a far from useless kind. It is, moreover, printed and bound in a way to please the eye.

"The Jungle Book"

By Rudyard Kipling. The Century Co.

TO SAY THAT Mr. Rudyard Kipling has scored another success is to chronicle the inevitable. So it is with whetted appetite that we open the fresh-cut leaves of "The Jungle Book," settling comfortably in our veranda chair, prepared for many a real sensation. And what a "bully" book it is, as what small boy would not say? We are transported into the depths of the Indian jungle, there to dwell through a term of adventure with Mowgli the "Frog," a young were-wolf boy. Old Baloo, the fat brown bear, who knows the law of the forest and teaches it to the young wolves, is Mowgli's living preceptor in those things man cannot know. Bagheera, the black, beautiful panther who went surety for Mowgli's life when the Council Pack had determined to kill him, a helpless babe, and was forever his devoted friend thereafter; old Kaa, the terrible python; the careless Bandarlog; the monkey people whom the jungle folk depise, but who are always intending to do great things if only they can remember to carry out their schemes; Akela, the great, gray, lone wolf—these, among others, are the new friends the magician conjures up for us and endows with throbbing, healthful life.

Heartily yielding to the potency of its charm, we acknowledge a real addition to the library in this book, though it is confessedly written for children. But Mr. Kipling has not to look to it for his first success in reeling yarns for the "father of the man." We have known and rejoiced in excellent essays in juvenile exertion among the earliest of those famous "Plain tales from the Hills," but we believe that a higher success is here achieved. Who can analyse the charm of this young genius? We have read the learned reviews of his work, but we have not found the secret of that charm. All we know is that our attention is riveted from the first word. That the calm traditions of the novel are boisterously disturbed we confess, for there are no somnolent wanderings through lawns and sunsets before we dare confess expectation to be lessened in realized interest. No aphorism of introduction is exploded on an astonished public, but the "painted veil which those who live call life" is split in twain, and Mr. Kipling shows us real things as suddenly and as vividly as a flash of lightning. In "The Jungle Book" is to be found as close an observation of brute life, as quaint a humor, as splendid a portrayal of the nobler animal passions—gratitude and love,—as spirited battle scenes as in any

page of Sir Samuel Baker; but over it all, to make it unique, the artist casts the heavy, mysterious, sombre shadows of the Indian forest, which he knows so well, with its own population of outlandish beasts, familiar to us only in the cooped dejection of the menagerie, or made ridiculous by *domp-teurs*,—in forced imitation of the puny habits of the ancestral enemy—Man. But Mr. Kipling knows them as they are, free and magnificent, from the very elephants to the crawling snakes, and like Van Amberg in the song, he "tells us all he knows." There is many a child whose birthday comes during these summer months. A word to the wise parent whose task it is to read aloud the doings of "Ned up a Tree" and adventures of his kind should be sufficient.

"A Daughter of To-day"

By Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sarah Jeannette Duncan). D. Appleton & Co.

MRS. COTES has drawn one of the unhappiest children of our day—the woman artist without talent. We all know them, those charming girls with the jargon of the studio and of *décadent* literature at their fingers' ends, bravely resolved to have no *bourgeois* prejudices, happy in a garret, if it only contain a little bronze Buddha, or a totem from Puget Sound, or a samovar from the far East of New York, and what male novelists are pleased to call "Oriental stuffs." The *ensemble* is completed by the gray-bluish smoke of bad Russian cigarettes, which the fair girl smokes heroically in company and dislikes heartily in private. They all play at Bohemia—the most serious among them, as well as the *dilettanti*—and are happy until the day comes when it turns out that, as Mr. Crawford expresses it, "their talents are merely tastes." Mrs. Cotes's heroine "hails" from Sparta, Ill., and nourishes aspirations that are too high and too large for her gifts; she is also possessed of a love of the vulgarly theatrical, which she mistakes for vaulting ambition. This bright, hard, brilliant, superficial young woman studies painting in Paris, until she discovers that her gifts lie not in that direction, and then turns to literature—that is to say, to illustrated journalism—in London, where her fate is sealed. Plot and character-drawing are equally brilliant in this story, which leaves the lesson it teaches to take care of itself. But there be many among us to-day, who believe that their geese are swans, and who lay up for themselves a store of disappointment. It may be said, in conclusion, that, this book to the contrary notwithstanding, there is among the French an ineradicable prejudice in favor of writing "artist" with a final *e*.

Fiction

THREE STORIES by Capt. Charles King have lately appeared through different publishing-houses. They are called "Foes in Ambush," "Waring's Peril" and "Cadet Days," and will be an addition to the civilian's knowledge of army life. Like Rudyard Kipling in his descriptions of the English army in India, Capt. King has had a distinct mission in regard to frontier life in America. It is true, his mission has not been so universal in character, nor so remarkable in achievement, as Mr. Kipling's, his *réveille* having awakened but the slumberers and the ignorant within the American camp of the world; yet it has been none the less worth attempting. And it is not too much to say that it is to Capt. King's clean, crisp and interesting army tales, as it is to Mrs. Custer's charming journals of regimental life, that we civilians owe much of our familiarity with Western reserve and active military service. His stories keep a certain steady evenness of excellence. If, in certain instances, we think that they do not, the next story we read brings the average up. Then, too, we must bear in mind that spontaneity must flag a little with the author who allows himself no change of scene or material, and that Capt. King has educated his reading public to be critical of his work, and to know when he is at his best, and when he is telling a story because he has one to tell, or making it up as he goes along. "Waring's Peril" (J. B. Lippincott Co.) is a description of post life outside New Orleans shortly after the War, and "Foes in Ambush" a recital of the adventures in Arizona of a paymaster's troop while on government duty. (J. B. Lippincott Co.) In "Cadet Days" he has attempted something more ambitious. It is nothing

more nor less than an effort to write a good boys' story of cadet life at West Point. He has brought on his seventeen-year old hero from a Western frontier post, and has set him down in the midst of Parade Ground at West Point. Equipped with the most intimate knowledge of shooting, riding, hunting on the plains, having filled the post of guide to an attacking party and had the military training of an old army officer, Geordie Graham is not long in proving himself as much of a soldier in endurance, obedience and precision as he was a good fellow by nature. At times Capt. King is betrayed into a fondness for his hero that is demonstrative, but this usually occurs when he is describing the scenes and emotions between the hero and his mother, and they are pardonable when we recall the tender chivalry for their "women folk" for which officers in the American Army are noted. Altogether it is a book that might well be a guide to the customs and character of life at West Point, and a story that will dispel the illusion of many a sentimentalist about cadet life. At the same time it will furnish the thoughtful boy with an enthusiasm for obedience and the willing performance of the smallest duty. (Harper & Bros.)

"A MARRIAGE CEREMONY," by Ada Cambridge, is a story that accentuates the deterioration in a writer whose qualities have never been of the most delicate order. When this author first began to write stories of Australian life, she wrote with vigor, considerable originality and a robust healthfulness that called a spade a spade. No one objected to this, because she possessed a certain ripeness of judgment and charm, and it is acceded that the mature mind may talk about spades. Lately, however, her stories have concerned themselves more and more with the material and purely physical side of the relations between men and women, and the saving grace of spirituality has been omitted. This selection of the qualities to be described, together with a natural tendency to outspokenness, has considerably lessened the pleasure we experienced in the freshness of her work. Men who drink brandy-and-soda and consume too much champagne on top of that refreshing beverage in order to fortify themselves for their courtship of a woman, do exist, and there is no reason why they should not be written about. But there is a kind of accepted convention that they do not make heroes of first-class novels. Such men are apt to lose their sense of the just values and relations of life; they are likely to swear a good deal, and to forget that it is only constant vigilance and high ideals that keep the ordinary man a gentleman. This is what happened in regard to the hero of "A Marriage Ceremony," and it is just because the author has omitted, at all points in her book, to furnish any ideals in her men and women, as well as in her style, that we insist that she has struck a note of deterioration, faint some time ago, but clear and decided now. (D. Appleton & Co.)

"TOPPLETON'S CLIENT; or, A Spirit in Exile," by John Kendrick Bangs, is one of those extravaganzas that have regularly been perpetrated on the reading public since the publication of Bulwer's "Strange Story." It is the story of a wraith that ousted a soul from its rightful body and put itself there instead. As in most of these tales, the fiend or wraith offers to the living soul fame and wealth, and receives in return the youth and living touch with men and affairs that it craved. The tale is as clever and ingenious as the average of these stories, but it lacks the delicacy and subtlety that would place it above the average and would bring it on a plane with the efforts of Bulwer, Besant, Gautier and those other writers who have successfully trod this path. (Charles L. Webster & Co.)—A PAPER-BOUND edition of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's "Van Bibber and Others," with C. D. Gibson's excellent illustrations, has another of those attractive and artistic colored covers of which the Harpers seem to make a specialty. Of Mr. Davis's stories little need be said: their reputation is already established. Van Bibber may occasionally lay himself open to the charge of snobbishness—but what is a fellow to do in a country where it takes only two generations of prosperous tradespeople to make an aristocrat—coat-of-arms, crest, superciliousness and all? We always feel reassured and willing to renew our acquaintance with Van, when we open these pages and learn therefrom that his "man Walters had been trained in the household of the Marquis Bendinot, and had travelled as the valet of young Lord Upton." He is clever, indeed, that knows his public thoroughly and gives it what it craves. (Harper & Bros.)

"MR. WAYT'S WIFE'S SISTER" is the initial story in a volume, by Marion Harland, containing two other tales, "A Social Success" and "Articles of Separation." "Mr. Wayt's Wife's Sis-

ter" is the story—doubtless founded on an ugly living truth—of the successful concealment, for ten years, of the opium habit of a clergyman. Protected by his wife and his wife's sister with explanations of "seizures," "attacks" and "delirious headaches," he managed to keep his parishes two or three years at a time. The story is told with Mrs. Terhune's customary vigor and, as we have said, has the appearance of truth. (Cassell Publishing Co.)

—MAXWELL GREY'S "An Innocent Imposter" is a volume of short stories containing, besides the title-story, a half-dozen tales remarkable neither for their inferiority nor their excellence. English life and character and the English point of view do not, as a rule, lend themselves to the requirements of the short story, and, except in the hands of such universal masters of the art of writing as Mr. Kipling and a few others, short stories by English authors are apt to be stale, flat and unprofitable. (D. Appleton & Co.)—MISS FLORENCE WARDEN, author of "The House on the Marsh," has written another story that will be sure to interest and cheer her large circle of readers, both by the alliterative sound of its title and its nature. It is called "Adela's Ordeal." Anything about an ordeal is sure to be good, especially if the girl who goes through it is called Adela. We can safely recommend the book to its author's admirers. (International News Co.)—"RICHARD ROGERS, CHRISTIAN" is a story, by Alice Barber McConnell, supposed to meet the needs of a class of people who read fiction, but must get it from the spiritual and sectarian source which they think trustworthy. It is a little book bound in red, and contains 264 pages. (Presbyterian Board of Pub'n and Sabbath School Work.)

Theological Literature

THE MOST IMPORTANT ecclesiastical question of the day is that of the unification of institutional Christianity. This must come about, if institutional Christianity, the Church, is to be permanent. Yet the spirit of denominationalism is so strong that many do not see this obvious fact. Dr. Shields of Princeton does see it, and distinctly discerns the impending dissolution in his "Historic Episcopate: an Essay on the Four Articles of Church Unity proposed by the American House of Bishops and the Lambeth Conference." He proposes a basis of union on the so-called "Chicago Lambeth Quadrilateral," the declaration put forth first by the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church. His idea of the unification of Christendom is, not by federation, or by consolidation, but by organic growth. He does not anticipate that this organic unity will take place in the near future but believes, and rightly, too, that the logical tendencies of the time will force the churches into a unity, when purblind sectarian theologians find that it is a question of live or die, for institutional Christianity. There ought to be a motive nobler than this. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)—"THE QUESTION OF UNITY" is a book of replies to Dr. Shields's book from many sources. It is curious to note that Dr. Ward, a Congregationalist (with Dr. Abbott), and Dr. Synnott are the most rigid sectarians in spirit. Is this because Romanism and Congregationalism are the two extremes of Church polity? Dr. Boardman, the Baptist, displays a lovely spirit, and Dr. Gates questions, if the organic unity of Christendom be actually desirable. All these ideas Dr. Shields finally takes up, and, with penetration and skill, turns them upside down and inside out, and shows how they all substantially agree with him, that the churches ought to unite upon the ground of the Chicago Lambeth articles of union. The Princeton professor has done a work that entitles him to the gratitude of all clear-headed and true-hearted Christian folk. His essay is a noble and earnest effort, full of the real idea of Jesus, and of a sanctified commonsense. (New York: Christian Literature Co.)

ONE OF THE BEST-FILLED LECTURESHIPS in this country is that founded by Mr. Nathan F. Graves of Syracuse, N. Y., in the oldest of our American theological seminaries, at New Brunswick, N. J. The lecturer for 1893 was Mr. George Smith, the biographer of the great Indian missionaries, Carey, Martin, Duff and Wilson. Dr. Smith took for his subject "The Conversion of India from Pantenus to the Present Time, A.D. 193-1893." The book, as at present set forth, with illustrations, rich notes and index, is a scholarly expansion of the popular lectures, and presents the best single work on the story of Christianity in India that has yet been published. The first lecture is a philosophical survey of past and present missionary efforts. India is to be converted by the two English-speaking peoples. Then follow surveys of the Greek, the Roman, the Jesuit and the Dutch attempts to Christianize India; the latter half of the work is taken up with the history from the time of Queen Elizabeth. Interesting to the scholar are the fac-

similes of the Nestorian inscription in Chinese and of the oldest Christian (Syriac) inscription in India. The author is severe in his criticisms of those attempts at conversion which had in them more of political ambition than of a desire to glorify Christ, but he is, also, thoroughly appreciative of all earnest efforts. His book is one of the best for actual use and inspiration, certainly much better than the average work on missions. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

THE PARTICULAR NATURE of "A Harmony of the Gospels for Historical Study: An Analytical Synopsis of the Four Gospels in the Version of 1881," by William Arnold Stevens and Ernest DeWitt Burton, is that it does not attempt to harmonize what cannot be brought into literal or verbal agreement. It collocates parts of the New Testament which treat of the same matters, and brings together corresponding parts of the different documents. The purpose of the work is to furnish a text-book for the study of the life and teachings of Jesus. In addition to this, parallel accounts are brought to the foot of the page for the use of comparison, and this is especially useful where the sayings of Jesus are assigned by the different evangelists to different occasions. A table of His repeated sayings is appended to the Harmony. Taken as a whole, the worth and usefulness of this book are evident, even in the midst of the myriad of "Harmonies" already in existence. (Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co.)

New Books and New Editions

"JULIET AND ROMEO" is the title of a pretty, illustrated booklet, containing a translation of Luigi da Porto's novel, "La Giulietta," published about 1530, which is interesting as the earliest known form of the Veronese story on which Shakespeare based his tragedy—that is, the earliest in which the scene is laid at Verona, and the lovers are called by the names the dramatist has made familiar and immortal. The tale is prefaced by an introduction of 68 pages, in which Dr. W. J. Rolfe gives a fuller account of the history of the legend—for it is doubtful whether it is founded upon fact—than is given by any of the editors of the play, with, perhaps, the single exception of Dr. Furness in his New Variorum Edition. Da Porto's novel, though probably unknown to Shakespeare, was the original of the versions by the Italian Banello (rendered into English by Painter from Boisteau's amplified French translation) and Brooke's poetical version in English, from which his materials were immediately derived. It is interesting, also, for its literary merit; for, as Dr. Rolfe says, the paraphraser and translators only marred it in their attempts to improve it. The illustrations are from a French version of Da Porto, and some of them are good in their way. (Boston: Joseph Knight Co.)

—NO. 1 OF GRIFFITH'S SERIES of West-coast Literature contains what are called "Thoughts and Pastels," by Charles P. Nettleton. The booklet has 310 "thoughts" and 16 "pastels." Besides remarking that the proof-reading might be improved, it is hard to say anything further in praise or blame of the contents of this reprint. (San Francisco: Griffith Pub. Co.)

PRINCE WOLKONSKY'S "Addresses" and "Impressions" contain the speeches he delivered during his visit to America last summer. He was a delegate to the Educational and Religious Congresses in Chicago, where he was a popular and conspicuous figure. The addresses, however, are too foreign in style and too self-conscious in manner to be valuable. The best one, because the most direct and simple, deals with the higher education of woman in Russia, but the others are florid and discursive. The author is generous, however, to all men, and has lofty ideas in regard to human brotherhood. The right of every man to sympathy is repeatedly proclaimed, and the unity of humanity, whether barbarous or civilized, is the chief doctrine of his creed. In his impressions of America, however, he sometimes forgets to be sympathetic. They are cleverer than the speeches, but no less self-conscious; and the observer is intensely superficial without in the least appreciating that fact. But that is no reason why we should not profit by his comments, which are often cutting and sometimes shrewd. (Chicago: J. C. Winship & Co.)—THE JEWISH WOMEN'S CONGRESS, held in Chicago last September, was a noteworthy event, and a comely volume containing most of the papers read is now at hand. The authors of these essays were women, and their intensely practical nature is at once evident to the reader. Nevertheless, there is in them, also, an ideal strain and a certain spirit of earnestness and devoutness which speaks well for the women of Israel to-day and in the future. The historical papers were discussed by noted rabbis and other invited male guests. In addition to the discussion of questions relating to wages, immigrants, the home, charity, there was one of great interest on "The Influence

of the Discovery of America on the Jews," and another on "The Protest or Interference of Nations in Cases of Persecution." We miss from this volume a notable paper, by Miss Josephine Lazarus of New York, which, when read before the Parliament of Religions, attracted attention on account of its literary grace and power. Though not properly belonging to the volume under review, we should have been glad see to it preserved for reference. (Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society.)

THE DEAN OF ROCHESTER, the Rev. S. Reynolds Hole, is one of those clergymen of the Church of England who try to do their duty to the nineteenth century. There is no smell of the lamp or of the cloister about his books. His style is clear, strong and always to the point. He attacks the sins of this generation, and sounds out the note of cheer to living men. The volume now before us is timely, in view of the author's promised visit to America. It is entitled "Addresses Spoken to Workingmen from Pulpit and Platform." Such practical themes as reading the Bible, true education, conversion, unbelief, temperance, gambling and betting, are treated from the standpoint of one who knows well the men who do *not* go to church as well as those who attend the services. The chapter on the Church and Dissent has a slightly sectarian note, but even that is redolent of the broad mind and tolerant spirit of the author. (Thomas Whittaker.)—"CHINESE-JEWISH PAPERS," by the Rev. A. Kingsley Glover of Appleton, Wis., is the title of a booklet, appropriately bound in boards colored imperial yellow, which contains five interesting and suggestive papers. These deal with the alleged Chinese discovery of America and the Jews of India and China, Trade Routes, etc. Like all scholars who recently have examined the records at first hand, the author laughs at the idea of the Chinese having discovered America. He finds Fu Sang, where the Chinese, Japanese and Koreans have found it for twenty centuries, that is, in southeastern Korea, where it is now, as it has always been, a great cosmopolitan entrepôt of commerce. The author's interesting papers on the Chinese Jews and the tablet inscription discovered at Kai Fung Fu are annotated with critical remarks by Prof. Terrien de la Couperie. Other papers treat briefly but interestingly of the commerce of the ancients and the routes of Jewish dispersion in the far East. (Appleton, Wis.: Published by the author.)

The Lounger

A CORRESPONDENT who modestly confesses that "nine-(if not ten-)tenths of their merit lies in their timeliness," sends me the following verses. Their publication is not the least of the offences for which "Dictator Debs" is to be held accountable:—

Dictator Debs was a mighty, mighty man,
And a mighty, mighty man was he;
He owned half the sea and three-quarters of the land,
He held all the earth in the hollow of his hand,
And he didn't care a rap for you and me.

Said President Debs:—"When I say 'Gee!'
You must all go right; and, lo!
When I say 'Haw!' to go left you must agree,
Or I'll paralyze the whole blamed show.

"I'll tie up every railroad and shut up every shop,
I'll close up every mine and every mill;
To eat you shall have nothing, and to drink not any drop,
For I'll boycott every brewery and still.

"The cable road and trolley, I will stop them both, by golly;
An end I'll put to barter and to sale;
When day gives way to night, I will turn off every light,
And open wide the doors of every jail.

"If my will you still resist, I will give another twist:
No ear of corn nor spear of wheat shall grow;
Tides shall neither rise nor fall—nay, this great terrestrial ball
Shall revolve no more, nor winds of heaven blow."

Having thus his views imparted, Mr. Debs the lion-hearted
Cleared his throat and shouted vigorously, "Gee!"
But the warning which preceded had (it seems) passed quite
unheeded,—
And now the painful consequence we see.

O, President Debs was a mighty, mighty man,
And a mighty, mighty man was he;
Till that patient ox, the People, tossed him higher than a
steepie,
And trampled on his bonnet and its bee.

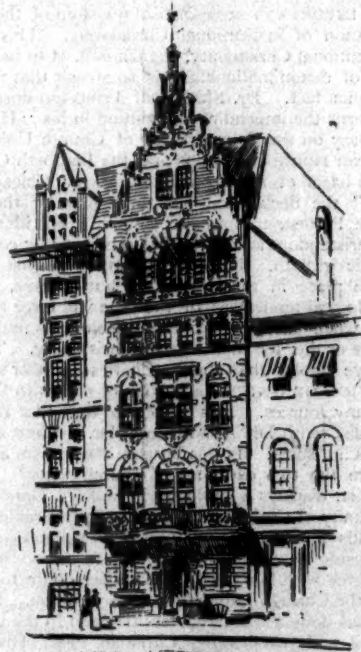
"DEBS STANDS A CHANCE of living in the history of this strike more particularly than for any other thing," says Mr. Depew, "because he has enriched the English vocabulary with one new word which will frequently be brought into play to account for the temporary insanity which leads large masses of people to commit follies that recoil mainly upon themselves, none of whom can explain what they are fighting for—the word 'Debsomania.'"

* * *

THE PLEASANT NEWS is wafted across (or rather, beneath) the ocean that Mr. J. M. Barrie, the inimitable Scottish humorist, is rapidly convalescing, the restoration of his health having been partly accelerated by the success of his play, "The Professor's Love-Story," but still more so by his engagement to Miss Mary Ansell. Miss Ansell has not been seen before the footlights lately, and may not be seen before them again. The English papers print portraits of her which, while apparently feeble reproductions of the original photographs, go far to justify *The Sketch's* congratulations on "this approaching alliance of genius with beauty." I am glad to see that Mr. Willard made as great a hit in "The Professor's Love-Story" in England as he scored here. It is one of the freshest and most delightful things that has been put on the stage for many a day.

* * *

THE NEW HOUSE of the St. Nicholas Club, at 7 West 44th Street, was opened on the same day as the new Aldine quarters. This was about a month later than the date hoped for, but the delay made the members all the more appreciative of their delightful new home when they got in it. The style of architecture of the new



building (as will be seen from the picture herewith reproduced from the *Tribune*) is appropriately Dutch.

* * *

WHEN THE ALDINE CLUB moved into the old-fashioned house, newly refitted, at 20 Lafayette Place, five years ago this month, every one congratulated the members on possessing one of the most delightful club-houses in the country. It was quite unique in its style, as well as exceedingly pretty and comfortable. Now that the old house has been abandoned and new quarters found at 75 Fifth Avenue, the congratulations may well be renewed; for the new home is quite as pretty as the old, and still more comfortable, as there is only one pair of stairs to climb between the grill-room and the dining-room, library, etc. The grill-room, with a little courtyard behind it, adorned by tropic plants, is in the basement of the Hotel Kensington, which occupies the building at the northeast corner of Fifth Avenue and 15th Street; and the other rooms of the Club are all on the first floor. So, while the members have as

much room as they had before, it is considerably more accessible than it used to be. The Club has arranged with the proprietors of the hotel to furnish meals, wines, cigars and lodging-rooms for members who wish them, at club-rates, and is thus relieved of the burden of carrying a large stock of more or less perishable provisions, etc. Expenses have been greatly reduced by this change, and the removal has brought the Club within much easier reach of the publishers who form a large proportion of its membership, and who are all tripping over each other in the rush for offices in Fifth Avenue and its neighboring streets. The new quarters were informally opened on Thursday evening, July 12, and members and guests alike were unanimous in congratulating each other on the change of location and "plan of campaign." The limit of membership (250) has been nearly reached, and there are about seventy-five out-of-town members. Dr. Lyman Abbott, pastor of Plymouth Church and editor of *The Outlook*, is the President—and a very good president, too.

I PRINT HERewith a portrait of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins of the Middle Temple, London—the first to appear in an American periodical. Mr. Hawkins's claim to fame is based upon one of the successes of the year, "The Prisoner of Zenda," which the critics have praised with rare unanimity. Mr. Waugh recently gave a sketch of Mr. Hawkins's career in his London Letter, and *The Critic* of last week contained some additional information regarding his literary work, which seems to have been successful from the first. Mr. Hawkins's luck deserted him in his struggle



Copyright, 1894, by Henry Holt & Co.

for a seat in Parliament as the Liberal representative of the Southern Division of Buckinghamshire in 1892, but I dare say that the coveted "M. P." will appear behind his name before many years have passed. I may add that Mr. Hawkins was educated at Marlborough and at Balliol College, Oxford; that he obtained first-classes in Classical Moderations and in the School of Literæ Humaniores, commonly known as "Greats"; and that, while waiting for the time when the initials referred to above shall be his to append to his name, he has to content himself with the legend, "M. A., Oxon."

Apropos of a paragraph in *The Critic* of June 30 regarding an author's "booming" of his own book, a New York correspondent sends me this bit of personal experience:—"More than five years ago, on the hunt for Christmas books, I hung over a bookseller's counter on which lay many copies of a child's book which I had recently written. A lady at my side, sharing my perplexity of choice, turned to me with a weary air. 'It is so hard to know what to select!' she said. 'Pardon me, but if you have read any of these children's books, will you recommend one for a boy ten years old?' Regarding the question as 'a clear leading of the Lord,' I laid my hand upon my own work. 'This,' I said, 'is

very fine, but it is expensive.' (The retail price of the book was two dollars—a fact due rather to the illustrations than the text.) 'Oh, I'm so tired that I don't care what it costs!' was the reply, 'and I will take two. I must not make a difference between the Christmas presents of cousins. And I thank you so much,' she added, as I turned from her, trying to hide the 'compound curves' of my lips."

THE LONDON *Daily News* says that when a Frenchman "makes a great literary or musical success, he likes to associate it with some permanent record." Thus Dumas, sixty years ago, called the little villa that he built outside Paris "Monte Cristo"; thus Maupassant christened his yacht the "Bel-Ami"; and thus M. Planquette commemorates "Les Cloches de Corneville" by naming his villa at Merville-sur-Mer the "Villa des Cloches."

London Letter

THE NEWS of Mr. J. M. Barrie's return to convalescence is followed by the equally pleasant announcement that he is engaged to be married. For some time, I believe, the fact of his engagement has been known among his friends, but Mr. Barrie is so little inclined to newspaper comment and congratulation that he has been anxious for the secret to be kept as closely as possible. The lady in question is Miss Mary Ansell, who is possessed of considerable personal beauty. She made her mark upon the stage in her future husband's successful comedy, "The House-Boat." Since then she has not been acting. The report of the engagement has no sooner been made public, than it has assumed very infinite proportions. One paper announces that the happy couple were actually united on Saturday last, the marriage having followed thus closely in order that Mr. Barrie might have the advantage of his wife's society during his tour in Italy, upon which he starts at once for the sake of his health. However, this statement has not been corroborated, and all the inquiries I have made have not satisfied me of its correctness. It is probable, in any case, that the marriage will not be long delayed; and the many admirers of Mr. Barrie's work will wish him every accession of happiness in his new life.

The interests of the present week have been chiefly athletic, with the University match and Henley regatta in full swing, but these attractions have not prevented the discussion upon the three-volume novel, to which I alluded last week, from advancing several stages towards warfare. An informal meeting of novelists has been held, but no decision has been made public. Among publishers there seems to be little chance of successful combination. Mr. Heinemann has written to *The Daily Chronicle*, advocating some arrangement by which novelists of the first repute should be saved from suffering for the incapacities of their weaker brethren. Mr. Hall Caine has declared his intention of issuing "The Manxman" in a single volume, at six shillings. Mr. Walter Besant has been interviewed upon the financial aspect of the situation. There is everywhere a stir of expectation, but as yet no one seems to see his way to action. But between now and the end of the year, the tug-of-war must come, and those who are not novelists will watch it with great, disinterested interest. The question takes on a new side-light with an announcement, just made by Mr. J. M. Dent, the publisher whose dainty editions of the English classics are well-known to the book-lover. Mr. Dent proposes to issue in the autumn a series of new novels, well-printed, illustrated and bound, in three-volume form, at the price of two shillings and sixpence. The trade will await the event with expectation; it is long since so remarkable an offer was made, and its possibility is something like an enigma.

The stage history of the week includes several novelties. In the first place, "Utopia Limited" has seceded from the Savoy, and its place is supplied by an adaptation from the French, entitled "Mirette," the music by M. Messager, the dialogue rewritten by Messrs. Henry Greenbank and F. E. Weatherby. But nothing really succeeds at the Savoy save Gilbert and Sullivan, and the comparisons which have followed the new production have been altogether odious. It is hackneyed and obvious; and, despite the pains that have been spent on the scenery, can scarcely hope to hold the stage long. "King Kodak," too, has ceased to run at Terry's. Old playgoers who remembered Mr. Edward Terry in his palmy days of burlesque hoped that in his return to his early love he would be able to stem the torrent of ill-luck which has beset his theatre since the nights of "Sweet Lavender." But the hope was disappointed. I believe that Mr. Terry's next venture will be a farcical comedy by Mr. Murray Carson, the actor, and Mr. Louis N. Parker, of whom I gave an account in these letters some

months ago. In the new piece the actor-manager will represent a timid husband, who, terrified by the violence of a shrewish wife, flees to a certain inn called "The Blue Bear," whence the play takes its name. Doubtless, the adventures at the hotel will give opportunity for the humor of the piece. And, while I am mentioning the drama of the week, I must not forget a new play of the psychological order, which was produced with great success by Mr. Beerbohm Tree at a matinee at the Haymarket, on Monday. This piece, which is called "A Modern Eve," is from the pen of Mr. Malcolm Salaman, who has hitherto been known principally as the dramatic critic of one of the Sunday papers and the editor of the collected series of Mr. Pinero's plays. Mr. Salaman is one of the few dramatic critics who can appreciate Ibsen; nor was his own piece altogether innocent of Norwegian inspiration. Its success at a performance attended by almost all the leading actors and actresses in London, was emphatic, and it may be presumed that, when "A Bunch of Violets" ceases to please, Mr. Tree will not hesitate to put "A Modern Eve" into the evening bill.

The second number of *The Yellow Book* is to be out next Monday, and it is reported that it will be a great improvement upon the first. For one thing, it is to be 100 pages larger. Mr. Henry James will, I am told, again contribute a story, this time of some 70 pages; Mr. Frederick Greenwood writes upon "The Gospel of Content"; Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. William Watson, Mr. John Davidson, Mr. Norman Gale and Mr. Alfred Hayes send poems; and there will also be work from Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, Mr. Kenneth Grahame, Mr. Hubert Crackanthorpe and the French *décadent*, M. Dauphin Meunier. It appears, further, that Mr. Max Beerbohm has not been silenced by the criticism which overwhelmed his essay in the first number, for he comes up again to the test in number two. Mr. Beardsley will have some six illustrations (by the way, he has just executed a new poster, more unintelligible than its predecessors), and other artists contributing are Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. John S. Sargent, Mr. Wilson Steer and Mr. Walter Sickert. What more there is we shall see on Monday or Tuesday.

It is good news that Mrs. Harrison, who writes under the name of "Lucas Malet," has almost, if not quite, finished her new novel. It is four years now since she scored a well-deserved success with that remarkable story, "The Wages of Sin," and her long silence has, I am sorry to say, been due to continuous ill-health. The announcement of her return to work holds out expectations of an unusual treat. I suppose, by the way, that everyone knows by now that "Lucas Malet" is a daughter of Charles Kingsley, and the sister-in-law of Mr. Clifford Harrison, the popular reciter. Some time ago I mentioned that Mr. Howells had passed through London on his way to the Continent, and that his friends here were anxiously looking forward to the chance of seeing him on his return. The pleasure, however, is to be deferred. Mr. Howells has returned direct to New York, his father's illness having rendered imperative this change in his plans. It is said that, had he been able to revisit England, Mr. Howells would have explored the west country with which Mr. Thomas Hardy has made the reading world familiar. It is to be hoped that no long time will elapse before he is able to pay us a longer visit. The Monday evenings of the Authors' Club have been outgrowing their premises, so large is the attendance; and on Monday next the monthly dinner will take place at the Holborn Restaurant, instead of in the club dining-room. The occasion will be a special one, for Mr. H. H. Johnston and Mr. Rudyard Kipling are to be the guests of the evening, the latter having left his Wiltshire retreat at Tisbury for a glimpse of the waning season. A large and representative company is expected.

LONDON, July 6, 1894.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

TIMOTHY HARRINGTON CARTER had slipped out of the memory of many Bostonians until his death at Newtonville, last week, recalled interesting incidents in his career. By the literary world of Boston he should be held in honored remembrance for having established what is called "The Old Corner Book-Store," that famous resort for readers of periodicals and buyers of books now held up to its high standard by the veteran book-dealer and publisher, Mr. C. L. Damrell and his partner, Mr. H. M. Upham. In Mr. Carter's day it was carried on by Timothy and Richard Carter and C. I. Hendree. Far back in his early career Mr. Carter began the publication of *The United States Gazette*, for which Bryant and Longfellow wrote and which for one year enjoyed the editorship of Theophilus Parsons. Then, with Mr. Littell, he began *The Living*

Age, which to-day holds a high place among our periodicals. Sixty years ago Mr. Carter began to publish books, and it is told that he paid more than \$20,000 to Jacob Abbott for about forty volumes. The first type foundry in Boston and the first stereotype foundry in New England were established by Mr. Carter. With Nathan Hale, the father of Edward Everett Hale, as a partner, Mr. Carter purchased the right to use the Treadwell power printing presses, thus adding machine printing to his establishment before any other printer of his day. In a little autobiography, which Mr. Carter published for private distribution, he recorded the fact that in 1834, while keeping house on Beacon Street near Charles, he used to pasture his cow on Boston Common, an interesting statement to those who know the cosmopolitan aspect of that section of the city at the present time. The unique effort of Mr. Carter's life was the obtaining from the Legislature of an act of incorporation for a book-manufacturing company, designed to unite all booksellers in the publication of such large standard historical and other works as none of them was ready to undertake alone, and to attract literary men, so that they would become interested as holders of stock. A neat little opposition game on the part of publishers who were antagonistic to the scheme prevented it from being carried out, for they succeeded in having a clause inserted in the charter forbidding the publication of any work of less than five volumes. At the time of his death Mr. Carter was 95 years and 6 months old.

Regarding that Custom-House episode, which I mentioned last week, it now turns out, as I then hinted, that the inquiry regarding the immorality of Zola originally came from Springfield. The Surveyor of Customs there sought to obtain an opinion from the Trustees of the Boston Public Library, but, as there was no meeting of the Trustees at that time, the clerk replied in their stead, stating that there was such a difference of opinion as to make it impossible to answer the question with a degree of authority satisfactory to the persons concerned. The Surveyor also wrote to the Boston Custom-House officials, but was informed that the character of Zola's writings had never been passed upon at the port of entry here. I understand that the books were finally passed by the District Surveyor and have now reached their Northampton owner. As the penalty for the official who fails to observe the law is a fine not to exceed \$5,000, or imprisonment for not longer than ten years, one can understand why the Springfield Surveyor was so careful. Apropos of the Public Library I may state that another blunder has been picked out in the list of names decorating the tablets along the sides of the big white building. The first error, it will be remembered, a sharp youth detected in a set of names so arranged as to make an acrostic spelling out the firm who designed the building—McKim, Mead & White. Then it was found that the name of Rabelais was inserted twice in the list. Now it is discovered that somebody did not know how to spell the name of Watt, of steam fame. On the tablet it is written Watts, and that it cannot be the hymnologist who is meant is demonstrated by the fact that this name is one of a group that includes Stephenson, Arkwright, Ericsson, Fulton and Morse.

The summer school at Harvard bids fair to be more successful than ever before, having this season the largest number of students known in its history. While a few professors are thus working hard in college duties during the hot months, others are enjoying the sea-shore and mountains. President Eliot and his family, following out their usual custom, are at North East Harbor, Mt. Desert. Prof. G. H. Palmer and Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer are at Boxford. Prof. Alexander Agassiz is at Newport, as usual, while Prof. Paine is spending the summer in Europe. Prof. and Mrs. Barrett Wendell are at Newcastle, N. H., for a few weeks, but go abroad in September, as this is Prof. Wendell's sabbatical year. Prof. Taussig is also to spend his "seventh year" abroad. Prof. Josiah Royce takes part in the Summer School of Applied Ethics at Plymouth, while Prof. James is recuperating in the mountains of North Carolina. Prof. Pickering, the Director of the Observatory, spends the entire season at Jackson, N. H. Prof. Peabody divides his vacation between cruising along the Maine coast and resting at Mount Desert.

I mentioned in an earlier letter the portrait of Mrs. Agassiz painted for Radcliffe College by Mrs. Henry Whitman, the well-known Boston artist. Mrs. Whitman, who is now in Europe, is designing now a new seal for Radcliffe. As she wished to have the seal particularly striking and permanent in quality, she was not asked to hurry it through in time for the present Commencement. For that reason the degrees of Radcliffe granted this year are not only the first to bear the seal of Harvard College, but are also the first and only ones that do not have the seal of Radcliffe College.

BOSTON, July 17, 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

ONE OF THE MOST curious anomalies of life in Chicago at present, and they are many, is the fact that the Art Institute is situated within the military lines. The boundaries of the picturesque camp of the regulars on the lake front extend to the north of the Museum building, so that the soldiers are not required to obtain leave of absence before passing its doors. Mr. French courteously extended all the privileges of the Museum to them, and on one day about five hundred men took advantage of his hospitality. The effect of these conditions upon the private in the ranks may be surprisingly stimulating. Who knows but he may take to painting Dianas or modeling figures of Mars in his leisure hours? It is still a matter of surprise to see the blue-coats wandering about the galleries, but outside they have become a familiar spectacle. From the Art Institute southward almost to Twelfth Street, the white peaks of their tents cover the grass, and the sentries pacing slowly up and down the east side of Michigan Avenue are a continual source of gratification to the passers-by. Fronting the camp, where the rations are cooked in somewhat primitive fashion, are the best hotels in town, their gay, careless life undisturbed by the proximity of the army.

I fancy that the situation in Chicago, as presented to the horrified gaze of the East, has been extremely lurid. Indeed, if one were to judge by our own newspapers alone, one would imagine the resident population in a wild state of terror, momentarily expecting the city to be sacked and pillaged. In reality, though there was some apprehension, most of the citizens continued their customary work as though the question of strikes had never arisen. The places where the crowds gathered and the rioting occurred were far from the heart of the city, and in sections where people, as a rule, do not congregate. The main thoroughfares wore their customary gracious expression, and in the quieter residence districts the only reminder of the strike was in the newsboys' periodical cry. The interest in the situation, however, was intense, and the opinions expressed were more emphatic than helpful. It is curious that Chicago seems always to be the centre of such disturbances. The passions of the people come to the surface here, apparently; and the effervescence, agitating as it is, is exhilarating to witness. It is certainly modern—this restless, turbulent, ambitious city, which is nevertheless American to the core and patriotic; but its dramas are always on a large scale, and have some element of grandeur in their composition.

The collection of Egyptian antiquities in the Art Institute has recently been materially enlarged by the gift of many valuable objects from Messrs. Hutchinson, Getty, Harris and Fleming. In this the Museum is fortunate, as usual, in being presented with rare and beautiful specimens—a much greater boon than if the collection were larger and less carefully selected. There are many ancient bronze objects from the tombs—figures of gods and animals and birds, and with them one of a nude woman, which is surprisingly well modelled. Many jars, bowls and vessels of alabaster and of bright green glass are beautiful in color and quality, and there are quantities of figurines made of clay, glass, pottery and other materials. Stone tablets with pictures and hieroglyphics are here, and on the wall is hung an ancient papyrus, with black and red characters and a fine Egyptian drawing, showing a maiden making a lotos sacrifice to the gods. The masks and breastplates used for burial are interesting; and there is one well-preserved mummy taken from the famous tomb of the Pharaohs, where the body of Rameses was found. A decorated wooden box used for burial before the period of mummies is rare and valuable; but perhaps the most precious object is a wooden boat about three feet long. It carries a sail, but is manned by fourteen rowers, whose figures are brightly colored. Only five of these boats, which probably commemorate the death of a sailor or a naval battle, have ever been found. In connection with this exhibition a number of similar objects and many brilliantly colored old Egyptian beads and necklaces, which are loaned by the Rev. Chauncey Murch of Luxor, Egypt, are displayed. The elaborate decorations of the Henry Field Memorial Room at the Art Institute are now finished, but the pictures will not be hung, nor the room opened to the public, before fall. The decorations are the gift of Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page, who was the wife of Mr. Henry Field, and who also presents to the Museum Mr. Field's superb collection of forty pictures by the French painters of 1830. I have already mentioned this valuable gift in these columns, and shall describe it at greater length when the pictures are hung. At present the decorations, which were designed and executed by the Tiffany Co. of New York, have their full effect, although it is plain that the entire

scheme was rightly intended as a background for the pictures. It is in a certain degree reminiscent of the arrangement of Mr. Field's dining-room, where his collection was hung. The floor is of mosaic in shades of green, brown and dull red; the wainscoting, also of mosaic, is rich black, outlined by ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Above this the walls are hung with dull green velours, and the wide, curving frieze, higher still, is frescoed in greens and browns, growing lighter towards the top. The sky-light is concealed by a hanging ceiling made of stained glass in shades of the same colors and very beautiful under the light. All of the wood-work—the doors, the seat in one corner, the mantel-piece—is ebony enriched with mother-of-pearl. The fireplace at one end of the room is of a simple and beautiful design, and the capitals of its columns and the high mantel-shelf are decorated with stained jewels of glass in green and opal. The effect of the room, though gorgeous, is refined in design and exquisitely harmonious in coloring.

Chicago, July 17, 1894.

LUCY MONROE.

Maeterlinck on Emerson

THE BELGIAN SHAKESPEARE has written a preface to a French translation of Emerson's *Essays*—those on self-Reliance, Compensation, Spiritual Laws, the Poet, Character, the Over-Soul and Faith—recently published in Brussels. The London *Bookman* gives the following translation of part of this preface:—

"Emerson came to affirm with simplicity this uniform and secret greatness of life. He has surrounded us with silence and wonder. He has marked a ray of light under the step of the artisan coming out of his workshop. He has shown all the forces of the sky and the earth occupied in sustaining the threshold on which two neighbors speak of the falling rain and the rising wind, and above two passers-by who greet, he shows us the face of one god smiling in the face of another. He is nearer than any other to our daily life. Of all monitors he is the most attentive, the most industrious, the most honest, the most fastidious, perhaps the most humane. He is the sage of ordinary days, and ordinary days make up the substance of our being. A year or more may flow by without passions, virtues, and miracles. Learn to reverence the little hours of life. If I was able to act this morning according to the spirit of Marcus Aurelius, do not come to call attention to my action, for I know myself that something happened. But if I think I have wasted my day in miserable undertakings, and if you can prove to me that I have yet lived as deeply as a hero, and that my soul has not lost its rights, you will have done more than if you had persuaded me to save the life of my enemy to-day, for you will have augmented in me the sum, the greatness, and the desire of life, and to-morrow, perhaps, I shall know how to live with reverence."

Cambridge on Capt. Mahan

PROF. F. W. KELSEY of the University of Michigan has kindly Englished for us the Latin speech delivered by the Public Orator, Mr. J. E. Sandys, when Cambridge University, on June 18, conferred upon Capt. Mahan the degree of LL.D.

"Our guest, just come across the Atlantic to Britain, we gladly greet to-day with brotherly feelings. We are greeting a citizen of a very great republic, a man deeply versed in the science and history of naval warfare, who by a series of literary works of high order has well shown how great influence the control of the sea has exerted upon the history of great nations. While we read the writings of such a man, adorned with a lucid style, the image of our naval glory rises in splendor before our eyes, as if from the waves themselves; we see not only the cause and origin of our widely extended commerce, but recognize as well the protection and help of our far-lying colonies, in our maritime supremacy; we are inspired by new zeal not to let this glory be wrested from our hands, to the end that the world may continue to reap the common profit of it and that the cause of universal peace may be promoted. We prophesy also that in the future our brethren across the sea will share this glory with us; meanwhile, recognizing the oneness of blood, of speech and of glory, we gladly reach our right hands across the ocean, no longer a dividing barrier, in friendship, which we hope will last forever.

"Whom love unites, in vain the deep divides;

Across great seas we stretch accordant hands."

and present to you a man endeared to Britons by close ties, an ornament of the American Navy, Alfred Thayer Mahan."

On June 20, it will be remembered, Oxford gave the American its D.C.L. degree. Capt. Mahan's "excessive modesty" prevented the fact from appearing on the title-page of his first "Sea Power" book, four years ago, that during the delivery of the lectures of which it consisted, he was President of the Naval War College, at Newport.

Two Views of Book-Canvassing

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE sends us from his new home, in the West Indies, the following circular letter, which he received some time ago:—

30 LAFAYETTE PLACE, NEW YORK.

"DEAR SIR:—We take the liberty of sending to you by to-day's mail a copy of Josiah Allen's Wife's latest book, 'Samantha at the World's Fair.' We believe that you will enjoy it. As the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette* says: 'In Samantha's writings there is the ever-present thorn of startling truth sticking in the side that aches with laughter.' The different editions of the World's Fair book have already run up to 60,000 copies.

"If you think the book worthy of it, would you be so kind as to send us a sentence or two in commendation, that we would be at liberty to use publicly?

"In these very hard times many worthy persons (very many more than usual) are compelled to make a living by book-canvassing—a means of livelihood that is surely honorable, but one that has been made the butt of so many jibes and jokes by the press that there has arisen an undue prejudice against it, so that earnest and honest men and women who *must* canvass to support themselves and families find that the burden of this task is made much greater.

"Very often the canvassers are young men, sometimes young women, working their way through college. Society is unintentionally doing an injustice to these people, and may easily be doing a real injury to itself. The public once welcomed the canvasser as a public educator. Has not the pendulum swung too far to the other extreme?

"Daniel Webster paid his second term's tuition at Dartmouth by canvassing for De Tocqueville's 'America.' In the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society may be seen a canvassing-book used by Longfellow, on one of the leaves of which is his first draft of the poem 'Excelsior.' Prince Bismarck, when a student at Heidelberg, during a winter's vacation canvassed for one of Blumenbach's handbooks. And George Washington tells us how, prior to the Braddock defeat, he sold in the neighborhood of Alexandria, 200 copies of Bydell's 'American Savage.' Said the Rev. John Todd: 'I am satisfied publishing and selling books by subscription is yet in its infancy. I rejoice in this carrying the waters of knowledge to the very doors of the people and coaxing them to drink.' And says Dr. Talmage, with that delightful emphasis of exaggeration that marks the oratorical temperament: 'I always feel like lifting my hat to a book-agent, because he is doing more good than I can ever hope to do.' And Spurgeon, in speaking of book-canvassers, did not hesitate to say: 'There is no other business, calling, or occupation so honorable or so beneficial to mankind as the business of selling books.'

"Possibly you would be willing to help pluck a thorn from the path of canvassers by adding a word or two in their behalf?

"Yours, very respectfully,

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY."

To this interesting communication, Mr. Hawthorne sent the following courteous reply:—

"KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I., June 15, 1894.

"DEAR SIR:—I have received your circular. * * * As to the thorn-plucking industry, I fear I cannot help you. I have no desire to prolong the existence of book-canvassers. In spite of your formidable array of names, I regard him and her as unmitigated evils and nuisances. They are usually employed by publishers to work off showy but worthless books which could not be disposed of in the usual way—the legitimate way. They are trained to talk a man into a state of imbecility, and then, under guise of giving him something he does not want, to rob him of his money. Some good books have been canvassed; so much the worse for them—though not, of course, for the pockets of the publishers, who (and not the canvassers) are the real beneficiaries. They grow rich by extortion, instead of by fair barter and sale. A good book will make its way through the ordinary channels of trade; a bad or indifferent book ought to be buried as soon as may be. A good book that sells more copies by canvassing than by advertising is, precisely to that extent, taking what does not belong to it; 'convey, the wise it call'; but the victim is not always content to be so wise as the operator. When the country was crude and undeveloped there was some excuse for canvassing; but now, when the whole reading community can be reached by honest advertising, which leaves the public its peace, privacy and freewill, no pretext will serve.

"I am willing to pardon George Washington for having been a book-canvasser, because he was the Father of his Country, and may have thought himself justified in disciplining it; moreover, it disposes forever of that impression that he was incapable of telling a lie. Daniel Webster's subsequent career may perhaps condone the sin of his youth; but I dare say that, had he never been a book-canvasser, he would have been President. The fact that Longfellow wrote 'Excelsior' on the fly-leaf of the book he was trying to foist on the public, proves that he had become aware of his degradation, and was resolved to get out of it, if it cost him his life. As for Bismarck, the success of his political career has been mainly due to his genius for being hectoring and disagreeable, and he perceived early that no training for such a life could be so efficient as that of a book-canvasser. I know nothing particular about the Rev. Mr. Todd; but I suppose it is only natural he should wish to 'coax the people to drink.' About Mr. Talmage I do know a little; he once sent me for review a subscription book of his own manufacture; the prospectus declared that, with that volume and the Bible, a man could get through the world triumphant; though why he dragged in the Bible I know not. I am happy to learn that my opinion about canvassing, and Mr. Talmage's, are diametrically opposed. *Liberavi animam meam.*

"Sincerely yours,

JULIAN HAWTHORNE."

Gouin's "First Lesson in French"

WE HAVE received from Prof. P. L. Hervieu of the École Pratique de Langues Vivantes, Paris, a letter, dated June 6, in which he protests, in the name of M. Gouin, who is too ill to write himself, against our designation of the latter's method as "Sauveur a little dramatized" (*The Critic*, April 14). Prof. Hervieu says:—

"Neither M. Gouin nor I have ever heard of the Sauveur method. I have searched for it in several of the large bookshops in Paris without success. Consequently I cannot compare the theory and practice of the two at the present moment, a thing which I propose to do as soon as I shall have discovered a copy of M. Sauveur's work, hoping that you will give publicity to this comparison in your columns.

"I may state, however, that I consider it very improbable that M. Gouin's method can long be regarded as an imitation, when we consider the time that has elapsed since first it took form. For it is not true, as seems to be believed in America, that the Gouin Method dates only from 1892, the year of publication of the English translation. The work in which M. Gouin made public the principles of his system, 'L'Art d'Enseigner et d'Etudier les Langues,' was published in French in 1880. That is now fourteen years ago. But M. Gouin taught according to his method a long time before the publication of his book. In 1860 we were both teachers at the Lycée at Caen, and I can state that even at that time he had worked out all the principles of his method, and that he applied them then, and has never ceased to apply them, in his class-rooms, as they are now applied in the École Pratique de Langues Vivantes. M. Gouin has consequently taught according to his own method for 34 years. If necessary, this can be affirmed by the numerous pupils who have followed his courses. I repeat again that I know nothing whatever of M. Sauveur's method, and am most anxious to know in what year it was originated. It is possible that this date, alone, might throw some light on the subject."

George R. Graham

GEORGE R. GRAHAM, the pioneer publisher, died at Orange, N. J., on July 13. He was born in Philadelphia in 1813, his father being a wealthy merchant who died penniless, however, when his son was but fifteen years of age. Young Graham, who had already begun the study of law in a lawyer's office, was compelled to give up this work and to spend four years on a farm, whence he returned to Philadelphia to take a position in a cabinet-maker's shop. He continued to study law at night, and was admitted to the bar in 1839. His first publishing venture was made in partnership with the late Charles J. Peterson, the two running a small weekly paper, *The Casket*, until 1840, when they bought *The Gentleman's Magazine*, of which Mr. Graham became sole proprietor in the following year, changing its name at the same time to *Graham's Magazine*. The periodical soon reached a wide circulation, among its contributors being Poe, Bryant, Bayard Taylor, Cooper, Willis, Longfellow, Lowell, Saxe, Whipple and many others of great, if not equal, prominence. For many

years it yielded to its owner an income of \$50,000 per year, and the late George W. Childs once told *The Lounger* (*The Critic* Feb. 27, 1892), that when he was a boy, "as he swept the sidewalk in front of his employer's office, he used to see a man driving down Chestnut Street behind a spanking team, whom he regarded with the greatest envy. He was the editor of a magazine—the leading one of its day—and he had just bought a Philadelphia morning paper for \$100,000 (*The North American*). * * *

And this fortunate man had more than money: he had the friendship of all the distinguished men of the day—authors, painters, statesmen, lawyers—everyone was welcomed to his house; and no one envied him more than the boy who rested a moment on the broom to follow him with admiring eyes." Mr. Graham purchased the two papers which he consolidated as *The North American* in 1846, and furnished at the same time the capital for starting *The Evening Bulletin*. Both ventures proved disastrous, and his interests in mineral lands in Pennsylvania also proved unremunerative. It is said that the final blow to his prosperity was given by himself, in a violent attack on Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," published in his magazine, and that from its appearance the circulation of *Graham's* steadily declined. In 1870 he was as poor as when he started in life, and became assistant editor of *The Newark Daily Journal*. In 1880 his eyesight became impaired, and the owner of the *Ledger*, who, as a boy, had envied the prosperous publisher, and friend of Clay, Calhoun and Webster, became his benefactor, contributing, with Mr. Drexel, enough to keep the blind man in comfort. Since Mr. Child's death, a number of publishers and journalists, among them Mr. Frank W. Baldwin of *The Orange Chronicle*, had continued his philanthropic work. Mr. Graham retained his intellectual faculties until the beginning of this year. Then senile degeneration set in, and the last few months of his life were passed in merciful oblivion of the brilliant successes and pitiful failures of his career.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

THE POLISHED granite monolith, surmounted by the gilt bronze figure of the Goddess of Victory, modeled by Mr. Frederick McMonnies to commemorate the heroes who died in the defence of the Union during the Civil War, is gradually nearing completion at West Point. The dedicatory services are expected to take place in October.

—Drawings have been made for the completion of the front of Trinity Church, Boston, towards which the late Bishop Brooks contributed \$2,000; the work is to be begun at once. The towers also are to be finished.

—"I," writes to *The Athenæum* that the article in the July *Woman at Home*, in which a portrait of Emily Brontë "from a painting by Charlotte Brontë" is published, contains no allusion to the portrait, and there is no reference to it elsewhere in the magazine. The writer "will wait anxiously for further revelations about this mysterious portrait, the existence of which was unknown to Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Robinson and other writers about the Brontë family." The picture in question is the one which we reproduced on July 14.

—The Rose Window in the Tiffany Chapel exhibited at the World's Fair and afterwards in this city was designed and drawn by women, and women also selected the glass and cut it; only the leading and soldering were done by men. The mosaic contains nearly 10,000 pieces of glass.

—The exhibition of women's portraits to be held at the Academy of Design during three weeks in November promises to be as great a success from a social, as from an artistic point of view. Among the patronesses are many well-known "leaders of society," who will contribute to the exhibition from their private galleries. The artists' committee consists of Francis Lathrop, William M. Chase, R. Swain Gifford, F. D. Millet, Stanford White, B. C. Porter and Carroll Beckwith.

—Messrs. Durand-Ruel, whose picture-galleries have been for the past seven or eight years at 389 Fifth Avenue, have leased the Lorillard house, at Fifth Avenue and 36th Street, and are remodeling it for future use.

—The Sixth and last part of the *Figaro-Salon* has a full-page illustration after Roybet's "La Main Chaude," cavaliers and barmaids playing a game of "hot hands." Other full-page pictures are Rochegrosse's "Le Chevalier aux Fleurs," a youthful Rinaldo to whose fancy the meadow flowers appear to borrow the shapes of the pretty girls who have taken their names from them. M.

Yriarte, while acknowledging the originality of the fashion in which M. Rochegrosse has treated his theme, complains of its too pronounced realism, and, in fact, the painter seems to see the real in the ideal rather than the ideal in the real. Mme. Demont-Breton's "Jean Bart," Lionel Royer's "Tilsitt," with Napoleon addressing his troops, V. Brozik's "Communion," Th. Weber's "Tréport," G. W. Joy's "The King's Drummer," E. Renard's "Matins," Tattégren's "Begging Nuns of the Asylum for old Sailors" and Tito Lessi's "A Reading at Piron's" get the honors of the full page. The double-page color-print is from Mme. Louise Abbema's "April Morning," a Parisienne with a bunch of spring flowers.

Current Criticism

FORM IN LITERATURE.—By form in literature I would not be understood as meaning merely the rhythmic and metric qualities of prose or verse, but all that ordering of the content of a literary product by virtue of which it gets elevation of tone and artistic unity, so that it vibrates, as it were, in harmony with the human mind and creates a single impression. Some great works are simply massive, like the *Excursion* and the *Task*, whose unity is nothing more than their consistent continuity. Such creations may abound in beauties, and may be broken into fragments, some of which may severally possess structural unity as poems. But the greatest works of poetic art, such as "Hamlet," "Lear," "The Tempest," "Comus," "Paradise Lost," "The Ancient Mariner," "The Eve of St. Agnes," have obvious structure, a perceptible making and fulfilment of a promise, an evolution of a theme; and bring us at the end around again to the beginning. These works are not massive, but organic; they cannot be maimed and live. This higher unity is not necessary to a certain kind of interest—to interest, indeed, of a very high order; but so important is it in the great works of literature, that it constitutes their chief title to our supreme regard. Hence, while we teach literature with reference to its historical setting, and strive to explain its phenomena by tracing their genesis in antecedent phenomena, we must consider the poet as an original creator, and give large space to the study of his art. This study is peculiarly interesting to young women. For young women have infinite curiosity.—*Samuel Thurber, in The School Review.*

PATIENCE IN ART AND LITERATURE.—A correspondent writes:—"On Saturday last Mr. Holman Hunt delivered a striking and eloquent address as the new President of the Sunday Society. * * * The part relating to the absolute necessity of patience in art and literature deserves the closest attention. Overhaste is probably the besetting sin of the time. The artist is too eager to have his picture exhibited, the author to have his book published. We admire the exquisite finish of the ancients, and forget how it was attained. Carlyle found fault with Scott for his impromptu manner of writing. Certainly Scott was a rapid writer. Yet his romances number only some two dozen. There are living writers, still in the plenitude of their power, whose books are to be reckoned by scores. This perhaps explains why exacting critics find so good an average and so remarkable an absence of supreme excellence in the literature of the day. Masterpieces are seldom dashed off, even when genius holds the pen or handles the brush. On this point Mr. Holman Hunt's position and experience give peculiar weight to his utterances."—*The Publishers' Circular.*

THE NEW SWINBURNE.—Mr. Swinburne is like his own nightingale: inasmuch as he is "Never at rest, nor satiated ever with song till his last be sung." It is thirty years, and twenty volumes, and more, since he fired the heart and witched the ear of young England with a note not heard of men until he came; and the voice uplifted in "Astrophel, and Other Poems" rings fresh and true and piercing-sweet as the voice that amazed and charmed in the "Atalanta" choruses and in well-nigh every number of that wonderful first sheaf of "Poems and Ballads." Here, as of old, are the infinite variety of cadence, the absolute mastery of metrical form; the dazzling execution, the oceanic wealth of words and images and rhymes. The music as of a mighty organ—as of "an hundred-throated nightingale"—is in volume undiminished and in beauty unimpaired; and if the magic seem to have suffered change, the fault, it must be, lies in the listening ear. There is a sense wherein the new Swinburne is a joy from cover to cover: for that it proves the singer to have learned much that was worth the learning, and forgotten naught that was worth the remembering. But there is also a sense wherein it is not: for it proves that while the singer is ever young, the way of life of the singer's

hearers has fallen into the sere, so that they are incapable of that rapture of drunkenness they had in the matter and the fashion of his songs. Between the boards of "Astrophel, and Other Poems" are contained such achievements in verbal melody, such masterpieces of vocalization, as none, not even Milton, ever compassed before. But if you belong to the generation of "Atalanta" and "Dolores," of "Hesperia" and "Ilicet" and "The Triumph of Time," why, then must you most sorrowfully own that the new affects you not as did the old. * * * The master-singer then is the master-singer now; he has reverted to his earlier and, as some think, his lovelier style; here, touched to new issues, are the old splendid qualities; yet the effect is not the same. You know, none better, that it is all true; and you recognize—who so well?—that the "miserable change" is in yourself alone. And this, perhaps, is why you lay by "Astrophel, and Other Poems" with a feeling that is not all unhappiness. You are passing grateful for the gift; but you are not utterly abased before the giver. You admire his irremediable youth, but you resent it too. The voice is the old miraculous voice, the manner the old, incomparable manner; but the matter and the import of the singing—what of these?—*W. E. Henley, in The Pall Mall Gazette.*

Notes

DR. FENNELL of Barton College, Cambridge, editor of the "Stanford Dictionary of Anglicised Words and Phrases," proposes to compile a "National Dictionary of English Language and Literature," in three volumes of about 1,000 pages each, to be issued also in 50 monthly parts. It is intended to include all words and phrase-words found in English literature between 1360 A.D. and the present day. The work is to be based on full indexes of several carefully selected authors, including Chaucer, Caxton, Elyot, North, Phil. Holland, Bacon, Pope, Johnson, Burke, Thackeray, Macaulay and Ruskin. At the same time quotations from hundreds of other authors will be used, many thousands having been already collected, including large numbers dated earlier than the earliest given in any dictionary. Dates of authorship and exact references will be given. The cost is estimated at \$80,000 and subscribers are consequently much needed. The subscription, if paid this year, will be only three guineas, or four pounds for the edition in parts.

—In our review of "Poems by Irish Writers" on July 7, Mrs. Hinkson's name was misspelled "Henderson."

—The *Bookman* hears that Miss Frances Willard, who has just returned to this country from England, is to reprint her autobiography from *The Woman's Signal*. It will appear in the autumn, probably under the name of "My Happy Half-Century"—"she being now just fifty years of age." The same paper says that Miss Harraden had an offer of \$50 for an article of 1500 words for a well-known American paper, but refused it because she could not comply with the condition that the story should be written on the day the offer was made. The London edition of Zola's "Lourdes" is being translated by Mr. Ernest Vizetelly, who is also writing a romance of Spain, which he will entitle "The Scorpion." Mr. Edgar Fawcett's "The New Nero" is said to be meeting with success in England, where a new novel of his, "Her Fair Fame," is to appear this season.

—The sequel of Maria Louise Pool's "The Two Salomes," entitled "Out of Step," will be published by Harper & Bros., who announce, further, "The Maiden's Progress," a novel in dialogue, by Violet Hunt, who treats of the dangers encountered by an innocent and unconventional girl of the "smart" set in despising the safeguards society has devised; and "Music Hath Charms," by V., a story dealing with the relations of young men and women.

—The August *Century* will contain a controversy on woman suffrage. Senator George F. Hoar writes of "The Right and Expediency of Woman Suffrage," and the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley of "The Wrongs and Perils of Woman Suffrage." Each was shown the other's article, and then prepared a postscript in answer to the arguments advanced by his opponent.

—The July *North American Review* has gone into a third edition, possibly on account of Mark Twain's defence of Harriet Shelley.

—The August *Scribner's*, the annual "fiction number," will contain stories by H. C. Bunner, T. R. Sullivan, W. H. Shelton, Graily Hewitt, Harrison Robertson and Octave Uzanne—the latter's tale, "The End of Books," describing the impending condition of affairs when all books and newspapers will be reproduced by phonographs instead of type, with the accompanying changes

in the art of binding, editing, bookselling, etc. The illustrations will be by the imaginative Robida.

—Mr. Arlo Bates has received the degree of A. M. from Bowdoin College (the *alma mater* of Hawthorne and Longfellow), and so has Mr. Edward Stanwood, managing editor of *The Youth's Companion*.

—The art of bookbinding is strikingly illustrated at the exhibition, held in London, of 74 copies of William Morris's translation of "King Florus and the Fair Jehane," printed at the Kelmscott Press, and bound by American, Australian, Indian, Chinese, Persian, Japanese, Siamese, Egyptian and Tunisian artists. The materials used are morocco, pigskin, goatskin, buckskin, snakeskin, calf, vellum, satin, silk, bamboo, *papier maché*, wood and metals. Mr. and Mrs. Tregaskis, the owners of this unique collection, exhibited some years ago a series of 42 copies of "The Water Babies," bound by European binders of all nationalities. Of "King Florus" 76 copies were sent out, but a fire destroyed one in Germany, and another was swallowed up in a Greek earthquake.

—"It would be interesting," says the *Tribune*, "to know whence came the private and confidential letters of Motley to Bismarck, which were sold at auction in London the other day for \$300."

—The Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society announces for publication, on Sept. 1, "The Comprehensive Concordance to the Holy Scriptures," by the Rev. J. B. R. Walker, based on the authorized version, with an introduction by Mr. M. C. Hazard, Ph.D. It will contain 50,000 more references than Cruden's "Complete Concordance," and will be published at a remarkably low price.

—The vacancy caused by the death of the Professor of the English Language and Literature in the College of the City of New York has been filled by the election of Mr. George E. Hardy.

—The meeting of the State Teachers' Association this year was notable for the annual address, delivered by President Seth Low of Columbia, on "A City University," in the course of which he declared that the university is very close to the life of the people and is consequently the defender of the masses. "Despotic powers begin their aggressions upon popular liberty by closing the universities." He ended his interesting speech with a plea for the support of the universities. The addresses and discussions at the meeting of July 12 of the National Educational Association were on "The Feasibility of Modifying the Programs of the Elementary and Secondary Schools to Meet the Suggestions in the Report," by Dr. J. C. McKenzie, which called forth discussions on the teaching of Latin and English; "The Future of the American High School," by Mr. J. Remsen Bishop; "Faculty and Alumni Control of College Athletics," by Prof. George Wharton Pepper of the University of Pennsylvania; "The Influence of Business Training, Good and Bad," by Mr. J. M. Mehan; "The Learning of a Thing through the Doing of It," by Mr. W. C. Isbell; "School Boards and School Superintendents," by Mr. William George Bruce; "Moral Training through Instruction in the Common Branches," by Dr. Charles de Garmo; and "Child Study," by President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University.

—The third centenary of Tasso's death will be fittingly remembered in Italy on April 25, next year. Prof. Angelo Solerti, the leading authority on the life and work of the poet, is writing a biography which will contain new details gathered from unpublished documents and photogravures of all obtainable portraits of the poet.

—Miss Anne Whitney's bust of Keats, of which mention was made in *The Critic's* Boston Letters of Nov. 11, 1893, and June 9, 1894, was unveiled in Hampstead Church, London, on July 16, by Mr. F. H. Day, representing the American donors. Edmund Gosse accepted the gift in the name of English authors, and read a sonnet by Theodore Watts and a letter from Swinburne, which contained the following sentence:—"All Englishmen to whom poetry is not an unknown quantity must feel that no expression of fraternal sympathy could be more graceful, precious and just." Lord Houghton, Sidney Colvin and Prof. F. T. Palgrave spoke. "It is astonishing," remarks the *London Globe*, "to find that there is, as yet, no memorial of John Keats upon English ground, and that the bust which is to be unveiled in the Parish Church of Hampstead on July 16 has been executed by an American sculptor, and is to be presented by Americans to the English people. Well might Keats have directed that there should be inscribed upon his tomb, 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water'; for his own countrymen never seem to have recognized how great a lustre his genius shed upon the English name."

—The Rev. Francis Warre, rector of Bemerton, makes an appeal for funds for the restoration of the old church where his famous predecessor, George Herbert, officiated. About 400/ is needed for the work, which will be carried out under the superintendence of Mr. C. E. Ponting, F.S.A. Subscriptions may be sent to the Rev. Dr. William R. Huntington of Grace Church, this city.

—A memorial window to Charles Kingsley has recently been placed in the church at Holne, South Devon, where he was born.

—*The Vossische Zeitung* learns from a well-known German publicist that Mr. Charles de Kay, whom President Cleveland has nominated as Consul-General at Berlin, is "a man-of-letters very favorably known in the literary circles of the Union." * * * His nomination appears in the light of a compliment to our country, such as the giving of the consular post at Krefeld to the celebrated Bret' Harte, or the elevation of Bancroft and Lowell to embassies in Berlin and London."


—Charles-Marie Leconte de l'Isle, the French poet, died on July 17. He was born on the Island of Réunion Oct. 23, 1818, but settled in Paris early in life. A follower, at first, of François Fourier the Socialist, Leconte de l'Isle relinquished that philosopher's dreams of a millennium for the study of the Greek ideals and of Oriental pantheism. His works include "Poèmes Antiques," (1852), "Poésies Nouvelles" (1854), the two bundles being collected as "Poésies Complètes" in 1858, "Poèmes Barbares" (1862), "Poèmes Tragiques" (1884) and translations of Theocritus, Anacreon, Homer, Hesiod, Æschylus, Horace, Sophocles and Euripides. He was elected to the Academy in 1886, succeeding to Victor Hugo's *fautuil*.

—Mr. John H. Ingram writes to *The Athenæum* that the recent "discovery" as to the identity of Mrs. Browning's maternal grandfather was published in his life of the poet that appeared in the "Eminent Women" series in 1888.

—The Committee on Suffrage has reported to the Constitutional Convention in Albany in favor of an educational qualification for voting in this State. That voters may have time to educate themselves sufficiently, it is proposed that the amendment shall not go into effect until 1905.

Publications Received

- Academy Architecture. 1894. Ed. by A. Koch. \$2.
 Annals of Iowa. July, 1894.
 Berens, E. M. Hand-Book of Mythology. \$1.
 Binet, A. On Double Consciousness. 15c.
 Carus, P. Nature of the State. 15c.
 Clark, J. W. Mediæval and Renaissance Libraries. \$1.
 Doubleday, E. S. Just Plain Folks. 50c.
 Dunning, A. E. Congregationalists in America.
 Gardner, S. M. H. Quaker Idyls. 75c.
 Gibbs, E. O. Essays.
 Gifford, J. B. Elementary Lessons in Physics. 60c.
 Harraden, B. Ships that Pass in the Night. Authorised Edition.
 Halévy, L. The Abbe Constantin. 50c.
 Hobson, J. A. Evolution of Modern Capitalism. \$1.95.
 Maitland, J. F. A. Masters of German Music. \$1.75.
 Miller, E. H. Home Talks about the Word. \$1.
 Memoirs of the International Congress of Anthropology. \$6.
 Ed. by C. S. Wake. Chicago: Schulte Pub. Co.
 Oman, J. C. Stories of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. \$1.50.
 O'Neill, M. An Easter Vacation. \$1.25.
 Owen, O. W. Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story. Vol. III.
 Pinkerton, P. Adriatica. 5c.
 Ruskin, J. Letters to a College Friend. \$1.50.
 Russell, D. His Will and Hers.
 Selected Hymns and Tunes. \$10 per 100.
 Sloane, P. N. Practical Lessons in Fractions. 40c.
 Topping, L. L. The Burden of Ill-Health. 50c.
 Vedder, H. C. Dawn of Christianity.
 Vespucci, A. Letters of. Tr. by C. R. Markham.
 Charles Scribner's Sons.
 Historical Dept. of Iowa.
 Maynard, Merrill & Co.
 Open Court Pub. Co.
 Open Court Pub. Co.
 Macmillan & Co.
 Arena Pub. Co.
 J. A. Hill & Co.
 Henry Holt & Co.
 Charles T. Dillingham & Co.
 Thompson, Brown & Co.
 G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Rand, McNally & Co.
 Charles Scribner's Sons.
 Charles Scribner's Sons.
 Hunt & Eaton.
 Ed. by C. S. Wake. Chicago: Schulte Pub. Co.
 Macmillan & Co.
 E. P. Dutton & Co.
 Howard Pub. Co.
 London: Gay & Bird.
 Macmillan & Co.
 Rand, McNally & Co.
 Hunt & Eaton.
 D. C. Heath & Co.
 E. P. Dutton & Co.
 Am. Baptist Pub. Society.
 London: Hakluyt Society.
 Chas. J. Clark.



YALE MIXTURE
 GENTLEMEN'S
 SMOKE

You won't know
 the luxury of Pipe
 Smoking until you
 use Yale Mixture.

A two-oz. trial package post-
 paid for 25 cents.

Marburg Bros.,
 The American Tobacco Co.,
 Successors, Baltimore, Md.

"Ay, four in buckram suits."—Henry IV. 11, 4.
 Small 16mo. Buckram, with Frontispieces. 75c. Each.
Third American. Third English Edition of
ANTHONY HOPE'S
Prisoner of Zenda.

"A glorious story, which can not be too warmly com-
 mended."—*Critic*.
 "The ingenious plot, the liveliness and spirit of the
 narrative, and its readable style."—*Atlantic*.
 "The dash and galloping excitement of this rattling
 story."—*London Punch*.

Henry A. Beers's American Tales.
A SUBURBAN PASTORAL.
 "We shall remember him among the sweetest, tender-
 est, and gravest of our story-tellers."—*Mail and Ex-
 press*.

MUSIC All the great musical clas-
 sics, imported and reprinted,
 for voice or instrument, in all
 published forms. Headquarters for sheet music,
 music books and music literature. Send for free
 Catalogues. **OLIVER DITSON COMPANY,**
 Boston, N. Y., Phila.

Mrs. S. M. H. Gardner's

QUAKER IDYLS.

"Delicate and sympathetic character sketches, pervaded
 by a subtle humor. Includes a dramatic 'fugitive
 slave' trial and the amusing incidents of the Quaker
 girl's plunge into the comparative gaiety of Boston and
 the society of Harvard students."

Second Edition of Jerome K. Jerome's
 Love-tragedy of Old London, and four Tales.

JOHN INGERFIELD.

"It is a good thing to write an honest, wholesome, old-
 fashioned love-story like 'John Ingerfield.'"—*N. Y.
 Times*.

HENRY HOLT & CO., N. Y.

Handy-Binder

To any address, One Dollar.
 One year's subscription and a Binder, \$3.50.
THE CRITIC CO., 287 Fourth Ave., N.Y.

RARE BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS, ETC.

CHEAPEST BOOKSTORE IN THE WORLD.

THE LARGEST COLLECTION OF NEW AND
 SECOND-HAND BOOKS IN THE UNIVERSE.
At a great Reduction from Publishers' Prices.
 Send us a Postal Card, naming any Book you may de-
 sire, and we will quote price by return mail.

SPECIAL TERMS TO LIBRARIES.

Libraries and parcels of books bought.
MAMMOTH CATALOGUE FREE.

LEGGAT BROS.,

81 CHAMBERS ST., - NEW YORK.
 Third door West of City Hall Park.

FRENCH BOOKS.

Attention is directed to our **COMPLETE
 STOCK of MODERN and CURRENT
 FRENCH LITERATURE.** Constant ad-
 ditions are being made to our list. **TEXT
 BOOKS, GRAMMARS, DICTIONARIES,
 PHRASE-BOOKS.** Books for the acquire-
 ment of all **FOREIGN LANGUAGES.**
*Catalogues and Lists on application. Subscriptions to
 all periodicals.*
BRENTANO'S, 31 Union Sq., New York.

ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTERS.

Send for price lists.
WALTER RONEYN BENJAMIN,
 287 Fourth Av., New York City.

PAPER by the POUND, and envelopes. Greater quan-
 tity, lower price, than by quires. Samples, all grades,
 prices marked, on receipt of 50c. **W. R. JENKINS,**
 fine stationery, 851-853 Sixth Ave., (48th St.), N. Y.

RARE BOOKS—PRINTS—AUTOGRAPHS.

WILLIAM EVARTS BENJAMIN, 22 E. 16th St., New York.
Catalogues issued continually.

H. WILLIAMS,

105 WEST 10TH STREET, NEW YORK.
 Dealer in Magazines and other periodicals. Sets,
 volumes or single numbers.

THE BOOK SHOP, Chicago. Scores Books.
 Back-number magazines. For any book on any subject write
 to the Book Shop. Catalogues free.

**CATALOGUE No. 38, being a fresh lot of Odds and Ends
 selected from the Literary Junk Shop of A. S. Clark, 134
 Park Row, New York, ready.**



CROUCH & FITZGERALD.

Reliable Trunks, Bags and Cases.

No. 761 Sixth Ave., near 40th St. No. 688 Broadway, near 4th St.
 No. 161 Broadway, near Cortlandt Street.
NEW YORK.

MRS. PEARY.

MY ARCTIC JOURNAL.

"We do not know which to admire the most,
 Mrs. Peary's delightfully entertaining story of
 the wonderful pictures which are reproduced from
 her camera."—*Boston Herald*. Price, \$2.00.
CONTEMPORARY PUB. CO., 5 Beekman St., N.Y.

EDUCATIONAL

SCHERMERHORN'S TEACHERS' AGENCY.
Oldest and best known in the U. S.
Established 1855.
3 EAST 14TH STREET, N. Y.

An Agency is valuable in proportion to its influence. If it merely hears of vacancies and tells you about them **That** is something, but if it is asked to recommend a teacher and recommends you, that is more. **Ours Recommends.**

C. W. BARDEEN, Syracuse, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA

San Mateo, California.
S. T. MATTHEW'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.
TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR.
REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER, D.D., Rector.

CONNECTICUT

DIOCESAN SCHOOL FOR BOYS, CHESHIRE.
191st year opens Sept. 19.
Thorough preparation for College or Business.
REV. JAMES STODDARD, Principal.

Hartford (in the suburbs).
WOODSIDE SEMINARY FOR GIRLS. Every advantage for culture, study and health. New Gymnasium. NUMBER LIMITED. Year commences Sept. 20th, 1894. Miss SARAH J. SMITH, Principal.

Norwalk, Connecticut.
MISS BAIRD'S Institute for Girls. 44 miles from New York City. Primary and College Preparatory courses. New buildings, steam heat, incandescent light. Gymnasium. Careful attention to morals and manners. 22d year.

Mclean Seminary for Girls, SIMSHURY, Conn. College Preparatory. English Course. French, German, Art, Music. REV. J. E. McLEAN.

Waterbury, Connecticut.
S. T. MARGARET'S DIOCESAN SCHOOL. Twentieth year, opens Sept. 19, 1894. The Rev. FRANCIS T. RUSSELL, M. A., Rector. Miss MARY R. HILLARD, Principal.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington, D. C.
National Park Seminary FOR YOUNG WOMEN.
Suburbs of Washington, D. C. Collegiate and Seminary Courses. Beautiful grounds. \$75,000 buildings. A cultured home. \$900 to \$950. Send for Illustrated Catalogue to Washington, D. C. "It is a liberal education to live in Washington."

NEW JERSEY

New Brunswick, New Jersey.
THE MISSES ANABLE'S ENGLISH, FRENCH and German Boarding and Day School. College Preparation, Art and Music. Apply for circulars.

NEW YORK

Albany, New York.
S. T. AGNES' SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Under the direction of Bishop Doane. Choice of four courses of study for graduation. An advanced classical course may be taken or any special studies. For catalogue address, Miss E. W. BOYD, Principal.

Aurora, Cayuga Lake, New York.
WELLS COLLEGE FOR WOMEN. Three Full Courses of Study. Location beautiful and healthful. New building with modern improvements. Session will begin September 19, 1894. Send for catalogue.

Buffalo, N. Y., 284 Delaware Avenue.
Buffalo Seminary.
The forty-fourth year. For circulars address Mrs. C. F. HARTT, Principal.

Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York.
NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY.
Col. C. J. WRIGHT, President.

Manlius, N. Y.
ST. JOHN'S MILITARY SCHOOL.
Next term begins Sept. 19th, 1894. Apply to WM. VERBECK, President.

Newburgh, New York.
THE MISSES MACKIE'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Twenty-ninth year will begin September 22d, 1894. Certificate admits to Vassar and Wellesley.

RIVERVIEW ACADEMY, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
59TH YEAR. Prepares thoroughly for College, the Government Academies, and Business. U. S. Army officer detailed at Riverview by Secretary of War.
BIBBEE & AMEN, Principals.

EDUCATIONAL

Poughkeepsie, New York.
The Peekskill Military Academy.
61st Year. COL. LOUIS H. ORLEMAN, Principal.

NEW YORK CITY

New York City, 85th and 86th Streets.
THE MISSES ELY'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, RIVERSIDE DRIVE.

New York City, 189 Lenox Ave., near 119th St.
MISS MARY E. AND MISS RUTH MERINGTON, French and English School for Girls.

CLASSICAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
2034 Fifth Avenue (Formerly at 1961 Madison Ave.), New York. Re-opens Oct. 2d. F. H. GREGORY, E. F. GETTY, Principals.

THE NATIONAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC OF AMERICA

126 and 128 East 17th Street
(INCORPORATED 1885)

DR. ANTONIN DVORAK, DIRECTOR.
Special Summer Term

extending from JUNE 1st to SEPTEMBER 15th, to the advantages of which the attention of musical students in out-of-town colleges, seminaries, etc., etc., and pupils in the enjoyment of a vacation period, is particularly invited.

NORTH CAROLINA

Raleigh, North Carolina.
S. T. MARY'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, Raleigh, North Carolina. Advent term of the Fifty-Third School Year will begin Sept. 20, 1894. Special attention paid to Physical Culture and Hygiene. Address the Rector, Rev. B. SHERDEN, D.D.

OHIO

Painesville, Ohio.
LAKE ERIE SEMINARY FOR YOUNG WOMEN who desire a course of study beyond that of the preparatory or high school.
Miss MARY EVANS, Principal.

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia, Penn., 313 and 415 Walnut Street.
A THOROUGH FRENCH AND ENGLISH HOME SCHOOL FOR TWENTY GIRLS. Under the charge of Miss Henrietta Clerc and Miss Marion L. Pecke. French warranted to be spoken in two years. Terms, \$900 a year. Address Miss H. CLERC.

ST. LUKE'S SCHOOL, BUSTLETON, near Philadelphia, Pa.
A high-class Preparatory School for boys. Illustrated catalogue.
CHAS. H. STROUT, F. E. MOULTON, Principals.

An Episcopal Clergyman's Daughter with much experience, and highly commended, desires position in a school, or as a resident or visiting governess. Qualifications—Latin, French, Mathematics and Higher English. The trend of her teaching is towards Rhetoric, Literature, with special study of Shakespeare and old English writers, Logic, History and the historical study of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture. Her aim is not the "pouring in" of information, but rather a drawing forth of each pupil's endowment.
Willing to travel. Baltimore, Washington and New York references.
Address "Domsthy," care of *The Critic*.

The Round Robin Reading Club,

DESIGNED FOR THE PROMOTION OF SYSTEMATIC STUDY OF LITERATURE.

The object of this organization is to direct the reading of individuals and small classes through correspondence. The Courses, prepared by Specialists, are carefully adapted to the wishes of members who choose their own subjects, being free to read for special purposes, general improvement, or pleasure. The best literature only is used, suggestions are made for papers, and no effort is spared to make the Club of permanent value to its members.

For particulars address

MISS LOUISE STOCKTON,
4913 Chester Avenue, Philadelphia.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, New York.

If you want FRENCH BOOKS, or books of any description—School Books, Standard Books, Novels, etc.—send to WILLIAM R. JENKINS, Publisher and Importer, 851 and 853 SIXTH AVENUE (48th Street), NEW YORK. Catalogue on application. Importations promptly made.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

REVISION AND TYPEWRITING.

Authors should secure for their articles the most attractive form in which they can be offered to publishers. Thorough revision and careful copying on the typewriter quadruple a manuscript's likelihood of acceptance. The editorial work of Miss LUCY C. BULL receives highest commendation from Charles Warner, Edmund C. Stedman, William C. Prime, Annie T. Slosson, John La Farge and William I. Fletcher.
ROOM 17, No. 51 W. 10th STREET, NEW YORK.

THE LENOX LIBRARY

(AND READING ROOM),

Fifth Ave. and 70th St., is open every week day from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Exhibition of rare books; two galleries of paintings.
Admission Free. No Tickets required.

2 to 15 Day's Pleasure Tours.

Forty-eight pages, six maps, describes fifty tours costing from three to thirty dollars. A copy will be sent free, postpaid to any address, on receipt of two 2-cent stamps, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

A Book of Books for 2 Stamps.

A copy of the "Illustrated Catalogue" of the "Four-Track Series," New York Central Books and Enchings, the only book of its kind ever published, will be sent free, postpaid, on receipt of two 2-cent stamps, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

Fishing in the Thousand Islands.

Fifty-six pages, beautifully illustrated, nine maps showing exact location of the fish; full information, with numerous accurate illustrations of tackle, etc., will be sent to any address free; postpaid, on receipt of five 2-cent stamps, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

BOSTON, U. S. A.
HOTEL BRUNSWICK,
Opposite Trinity (Phillips Brooks) Church.
THE VICTORIA,
Opposite New Old South and Art Club,
BARNES & DUNKLEE, PROPRIETORS.